CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

NATURAL METHOD VS. THEOLOGICAL PRESUMPTION.

BY [illegible] WHITAKER.

All nature—man, mind, Spirit included, is [illegible] manifestations of God, and ultimate [illegible] Power and Love, which are the attributes of God, and the exponents of His will—[illegible] immutable and unitary in character, and his [illegible] so in manifestation, so that no incident [illegible] ever can occur without adequate [illegible] the same cause operating under the same [illegible] and circumstances. Cause and effect [illegible], and necessarily actuated by natural [illegible] immutable laws. These several propositions [illegible] self evident that they can hardly be made [illegible] by demonstration, and are regarded as settled axioms in philosophy, forming at once its [illegible] boundaries. The following conclusions [illegible] inevitable. 1st. That God, through the inherent laws of nature, is the energizing, life-giving [illegible] of all things, from the grossest elements through innumerable gradations to the most [illegible] and subtle essences, from the least considerable animalcula to the most glorious arch-angel. [illegible] are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose [illegible] nature is, and God the soul." He, therefore, [illegible] His ways and works has made no blunders, [illegible] no mistakes, cannot be disappointed in [illegible], otherwise impeachment would eternally [illegible] the attributes of Wisdom, Power, and Love. The ultimate manifestations of God in these [illegible], must of necessity accord with the [illegible], capacity, and condition of the object or [illegible] upon and through which action is made, [illegible] words, the inherent laws of each individual in existence, accord with its quality, capacity and condition. Thus the God-power manifest in the flesh, differs widely in its ultimate results, [illegible] that power, originating in the same immaculate source, as exhibited in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and these results are peculiar in each individual instance. Why? Evidently because the objects differ in their intrinsic properties, characteristics and conditions. This must be so, otherwise the glorious light of the sun, and the sustaining powers exerted through all the other elements, would be the same and act alike upon all the countless grades of animate and inanimate matter. If these are truths philosophically considered, and they certainly address themselves to my understanding as such, though drawn from the great [illegible] of nature, they are, nevertheless, GOD'S TRUTHS, and therefore *sacred and divine*, and may not with impunity be set aside for the unhallowed purpose of giving place to creeds, theories, dogmas, rules or laws, claiming to be civil, moral or religious; no matter whence drawn or how propagated; no matter how hoary with age or by whom revered; if they shall be found to be in open conflict with the [illegible] *sacred and divine truths*, such creeds, dogmas, &c., should be abandoned by every enlightened mind.

True philosophy naturally tends to imbue the mind with ineffable love and reverence for the great fountain of all truth, and that system of religious ethics which has not its foundation laid in true philosophy, is false and delusive. If our religion is truly philosophic, our philosophy will be as truly religious, and the love of God and our fellow-man, the legitimate fruits.

All the acknowledged sciences are founded in numerous well-authenticated facts, capable of demonstration; and if the sectarian theology of the day is not recognized as a science, it is because it is minus the facts; not so, however, with the Spirit manifestations, for these are now established by numerous, well attested facts, and are capable, under favorable and like circumstances, of demonstration. Spiritual intercourse, therefore, justly claims approximation to established science; for we derive much intelligence by it, which before we had no means of obtaining, and which, thank God, is peculiarly adapted to the anxious wants of the bereaved mourners of this nether sphere. The consolations, then, which may be obtained through this intercourse are legitimate; and if sought honestly, faithfully and perseveringly, will bestow celestial peace on the bereaved and bleeding heart. Oh! could we but see that glorious body, that celestial form in which the angel Spirit now rejoices; the thought of its ever being reunited with the clod of mortality which was laid away in the grave, would be too horrible to be long entertained, but the Spiritual element of which its outer form is at present composed, is too refined and etherial for mere mortal vision to behold; but thousands are now living whose Spiritual vision is so far developed as to have a clear view of those celestial forms which are always represented to be as nearly identical with the earth-form as the Spiritual can be to the earthly. These Spiritual bodies are generally completed in the course of two or three hours after the death of the mortal form; though consciousness is often partially or perhaps wholly suspended for several hours longer; during which time the earthly and Spiritual bodies are connected, generally by a sort of umbilical attachment; this, however, is soon severed and the new birth is complete. This is a new birth worth contemplating, and this is truly a *resurrection of the dead.*

On a free and careful review of the commonly received notions of the resurrection and reanimation of the bodies that have once been the tenements of human souls, there appear some *practical impossibilities*, and numerous improbabilities.

It is well known that at least four-fifths of an ordinary human body, in its decomposition, passes into gasses and fluids too volatile to remain localized; and the remainder is in dust so minute as to be capable of assimilation with any of the ordinary plants. Vegetable physiology shows likewise, that much, if not all the æriform portions of decaying animal matter is absorbed as nutriment, and constitute a part of the substantial growth of vegetation, which in its turn, is devoured by many animals, and may at the next transmutation, grace the tables of many an epicure in the form of fricasseed chickens, roast beef or broiled mutton; and thence figuring again in human form, is again subject to be cast into space by death or insensible perspiration, to dance the interminable changes of its destiny in the great laboratory of nature.

The matter at present composing my body has none of it been mine more than from seven to ten years, much of it not half that time, and some not a day. It may have died a thousand times in as many human forms. If this is so, it might, I think, be difficult to decide as to the claims the several temporary proprietors might present at the fancied resurrection. By this it will be seen how absurd and ridiculous the thing looks. It will not do to say "that all things are possible with God;" for that is not true. He cannot lie, He cannot annihilate himself; and being everywhere present, He cannot create another like Himself.

Query—Can he do or create anything except by and in accordance with the laws of nature? I must confess I cannot conceive it possible, that He would repudiate His own laws, and that which he *will* not do He cannot do. Let the laws of nature, then, be our study for life here and hereafter; he who learns most of them knows most of God, and, if obedient thereto, is best qualified for the discharge of all the duties arising out of his relations to God and his fellow man.

Nature *is* divine revelation, and therefore teems with celestial instruction and divine philosophy; and knowledge derived therefrom is power; and of universal application. It exalts, ennobles, dignifies and develops the man; tends to soften down the asperities of life, promotes charity, peace and good will, and as exemplified in Spiritual communion, robs death of its terrors, and the grave of its victory.

One might rationally expect that those who really believe in a future life, would most eagerly seek any opportunity, which might afford intelligence of what is to be their conditions, employments, enjoyments, associations and relations in that never-ending future; for it is a fact on which all agree that speculation and skepticism have left the world in darkness upon that all-important subject. And we ask why, in the name of Heaven, why are our Spiritual messengers rejected, contemned and set at naught, and that too mainly by religionists? whose faith, if they have any, is founded upon the history of like manifestations, which are scattered over a lapse of time, embracing more than four thousand years. Where shall we look for a parallel to such bigoted infatuation such determined blindness? It surpasses that of the Jews in the advent of Christianity, though the observer can hardly fail to perceive a striking similarity in the character of its exhibition. It is true that those who lay special claims to all divine oracles and godly protection, do not commit physical violence by fire, stones or spears; but they still delight in the work of crucifying character, stoning reputation, and fagoting the business prospects of Spiritualists; which in charity we try to forgive, for in most cases, they, our opponents, are blind, and "know not what they do." In due time, however, their temple of theological absurdities, like that of the Jews, will tremble and shake, until one stone shall not lie upon another.

Few, if any of the multiplied forms of religion but what are tinctured, more or less, with the shades of ancient mythology, the legitimate offspring of the race's infancy and mental darkness; and though claiming God as their author, yet clearly demonstrate by their nature to be of man. To conceive of a God of war, of hate, of wrath, and of vengeance, capable of being a personal, active instrumentality in the brutal strifes and horrid butcheries characterizing those ages, and which drenched the earth with human gore is simply monstrous. Still "the Rev. man of God,"—God forgive the saying—with sanctimonious visage and imperious tone, tells us, at one time, that we must believe the Scriptures which he denominates the "Word of God," or eternal damnation must be our inevitable doom.

Again he tells us we must believe ALL, ALL of that "divine book," and that to reject any part is in fact to reject the whole. *These two false propositions* he enforces with all the powers of sophistry and eloquence, and by shaking the terrors of hell and the doom of the damned in terrorum over our devoted heads, succeeds in nine cases out of ten, in silencing our refractory reason, and we pass on, perhaps through life, divested in part at least, of our intellect and freedom; in perfect bondage to the fear of death and a mythological devil.

Thus faith is doomed by many to blaze with delightful brilliancy from those altars upon which freedom of thought, reason and common sense are made the sacrifices. Death, damnation and the devil being the principal *levers* by which this machinery is worked, and fear (not reason) the element on which it acts.

True faith, upon any subject, cannot be the product alone of the will; but of evidence addressed to the rational faculties, and by those faculties carefully and fearlessly elaborated. It is not enough that a book, or any part of it, claims to be a "thus saith the Lord," for the freeman must take it into the crucible of his reason, and try as by fire, before deciding how far its claims are worthy of his respect, and if wise in his investigation he will separate the pure metal from the dross, appropriate the one and cast out the other. In this process it would not be singular if some of the base alloy should be exchanged for that of more intrinsic value; but he cannot be morally condemned who discriminates according to his best-reasoning powers—to him God's richest gift.

How often are we told, by those professing the divine commission, to hold communion with Heaven, and keep our precious souls in pupilage, to "check our questionings about the secret things of God, and be not wise above what's written." It seems to me that the Nineteenth century is characterized by few blights more stinting and belittleing to the *human mind*, or less congenial with its needs and its eternally-expanding aspirations than the authoritative dictums of theologic rule. The sapling oak, though destined otherwise to rear its giant limbs above its fellows, and spread its green foliage to kiss the genial breeze, absorb the dews of heaven, and show its grateful thanks by its ascending exhalations to the morning sun, is not more surely *dwarfed* by the impenetrable rock which forbids the searching root, or when its tender shoots are oftimes pruned by injudicious hands; than is the budding intellect when cased around by tyrant forms that check the boundless freedom of its soaring Spirit.

Those ancient institutions, whether religious, political or mixed, man-made as they were, doubtless had their origin in necessity arising out of the low plane of human development, and like the sandals and wooden shoes of their times, have done good service; but to the present enlightened generation, are but clogs to progressive locomotion. And while science has been making gigantic strides, the arts taking a more practical turn, and invention has been busy in drawing from the exhaustless stores of nature devices and discoveries adapted to human wants and unfolding new truths, new intellectual powers and physical resources, the religious element of our nature has, to a great extent, been confined and cramped into the swaddling bands of man's primeval state. Every movement for the amelioration of its condition has to contend with the uniform and combined anathemas of Church and State, although they claim to have been the great civilizers of the world.

If in presenting the foregoing dark shades and horrid discords in the warring elements of progress. I have criticized many of our social and ecclesiastical forms—the reader should not suppose that I regard them other than the natural and even necessary results consequent upon the characters and *conditions* of men and things, for in the sphere of mind as well as that of matter, causes and effects are corelative and invariable—like causes always producing like effects—became connected by the action of immutable laws.

You will ask then, with this view of the subject, how are we to reconcile the WISDOM, POWER AND LOVE of the infinite *Cause of all causes*, with the numberless and heterogeneous evils under which the sentient world has groaned from its very birth?—to which I answer, if the fundamental doctrines of Spiritual philosophy be true, we have a key to solve that hitherto incomprehensible enigma. Those doctrines are based upon the supposition that all things in nature, as matter, man, mind and Spirit begin to exist, so to speak, in a state of infancy, and are, without exception, subject to laws and conditions, the general tendency of which is to purify, elevate and unfold each in its particular sphere, and so far as the external or physical is concerned, destined to pass through death and dissolution into greater elevation and higher life; what we call death relates only to gross matter, and as nothing is lost in any of its mutations, should be regarded as a mere incident in its endless existence. Spiritual elements are considered, likewise, eternally subject to purifying and elevating influences, in which death is unknown.

Such are the main points in the Spiritual theory or doctrine of Progression. Now let me illustrate more particularly, by the use of an allegorical figure. Let us suppose ourselves standing upon an immense platform, winding in spiral folds up from the *unknown depths below*, and by each successive cycle ascending higher and still higher until lost to view in the distant heavens. On it and about us, we behold all the varieties of animate and inanimate nature known to earth, classified and arranged in the order of their developed excellence. ON THE RIGHT OF EACH SPECIMEN we see written the quality and kind of its material substance—its physiological structure and organism, its internal and external conditions, the motive powers and influences acting upon it, which together are denominated the *compound motor*. On the left we read the entire history of its thoughts, acts and outer manifestations. These are denominated *biography*. Now as we pass along the spiral plane, we are struck with the universal parallellism everywhere observable in each individual instance between the delineations of the *motors* on the one hand, and those of the *biography* on the other, so much so as to induce the belief that any good philosopher and practical observer would, if made acquainted with the former, readily and accurately guess out the latter, no matter to what species, genus or kingdom the specimen might belong. Thus far, in our allegorical plane, we have observed incessant agitation and turmoil mingling in all the social relations of the diverse gradations of life; but as in all other elements so in these; commotion and strife are the natural means of cleansing and clarifying them, and fitting them for greater elevation and better use.

But let us proceed upward and onward—here we perceive a better state of things—we breathe a more balmy and genial atmosphere. The illuminations are more soft and Spiritual—the social agitations of life, less rigorous and selfish—affinities and sympathies more truly affectionate—conditions more flourishing, and happiness more prevalent.

Still attracted by new and unfolding beauties we pass upward from one elevation to another, until we find ourselves completely overwhelmed with the intense and dazzling glories flowing from every object within the scope of our vision. Here indeed is love unsullied, sympathy unselfish, charity all embracing, harmony universal, aspirations Spiritual, progression exemplified, and the wisdom, power and love of God vindicated.

And now let us turn our attentions selfward until our own Spiritual unfoldings shall enable us to speculate among still more exalted beings whose etherial purity and "more excellent glory" veil them from our present view.

TROY, Jan. 10th, 1856.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

SPIRITUALISM--ITS JOYS AND CONSOLATIONS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Of how many prejudices has every individual mind gradually, almost imperceptibly become divested in its progress through the world! Most of us, on looking back to past opinions and cherished prejudices, that now seem strange and revolting to our emancipated minds, can trace the progress of individual freedom, the gradual assertion of nature's holy truth's, against the enslaving tyrannies of borrowed thought and limited faith. Some obtain their mental freedom and clearness of vision, only towards the close of a life's experience. Others, suddenly as it were, become the disciples of a new found truth, nor is this sudden relinquishment of the beaten track, this sudden change from the darkness of bigotry and soul-limiting sympathy, either miraculous or worthy the world's astonishment, much less meriting its reproof. That light should come, dazzling light from the supernal spheres, irradiating the gloom of earthly desolation, and rendering the hope, the *certainty* of immortality triumphant, is but a natural and loving proof of the Father's goodness, and the angels ministry to doubting and benighted man.

Yes, faith is a beautiful trait of a loving and trusting soul; but when earthly sorrows darken the given heavenly light, when living friends forsake and the true loved ones pass the unseen portals of a better life; when adversity overwhelms the stricken and sensitive soul, with its varied torturing trials, then, alas, too often, does the despairing heart admit the doubt of the life to come, dreading the perpetuation of earthly trial, skeptical of future joy, from the dearly bought experience of this world, that gives no complete fulfillment to its fairest promises. Then, when the trusting faith is shaken, and the trembling soul questions doubtingly of its future unknown destiny, who can answer truthfully, convincingly, a soul's anguished prayer for light and guidance? Earth is full of creeds, of conflicting doctrines; amid the wranglings of the varions adherents, a life time may be spent in vainly endeavoring to find truth and peace.

But what so convincing as self-conviction, as the coming of a long sought for truth, home to our seeking bosoms, like unto a beautiful and snow-winged dove, laden with messages of love and happiness; a wanderer from the skies, unseen, unnoticed by many, but dearly welcomed, joyfully received, lovingly entertained by the yearning soul of aspiration, the sorrow bowed and doubting Spirit. A welcome messenger of joy and peace, is this coming home of a heaven sent truth, as it nestles close to our "heart of hearts," and spreads its Spirit pinions over the breast that sorrowed for earth, praying that heaven might be a reality.

To thousands of mourning hearts, thousands of doubting, struggling, truth seeking minds, has Spiritualism come, the dove messenger of angelic hosts. Oh, ye revilers of the True and the Beautiful, to cast the shadow of ridicule upon the glorious sunshine that bathes so many hearts with heavenly joy! To stigmatise as puerile and uninstructive those initiative demonstrations of Spirit power, that are but the outposts of knowledge unlimited; of unreserved communion with angel natures, if man but wills to be pure and true, and persevering in the path of right and duty.

How many orphaned hearts, and widowed mourners, have returned to the daily cares of life and toil, with inspired hopefulness and renewed powers of endurance, as their seeking Spirits found the long sought for certainty of future blissful reunion, with the so early lost, the bitterly lamented! *Certain*, happy reunion

> "On that blissful shore,
> Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."

And what in many cases, has brought this overwhelming evidence of immortality, of recognition of kindred, of severed ties to be renewed throughout eternity? Perhaps a simple rap upon a table, an unaccountable movement of the hand or arm; a written message given by a mortal's hand, but bearing the unmistakable impress of Spiritual power and angel love. Or perhaps more convincing still than any outward manifestation, the *felt* whisperings of Spirit voices upon the calm hour of twilight musing! or the solemn breathings of holy thought, awakening the soul's dormant energies, thrilling the human heart with joy and emotion too deep for utterance, with foreshado wings of the far beyond of the soul's future happiness whispered from soul to soul, inaudible, but felt, responded to, and comprehended, though mortal language fail to portray those messages of celestial love and loving sympathy, given to the earnestly aspiring Spirit in its hours of calm and still commune with self, the world, with its busy cares, and haunting dreams forgotten, in higher, holier desires, in "immortal longings!"

This is what Spiritualism bestows upon the truth seeking soul and receptive spirit. No creed taught formula can invoke those holy visions, glimpses of the Land of Peace. The imaginings of an excited fancy, or of a superstitious awe, seldom give forms of beauty to the upturned vision, nor messages of wonderfully soothing power, to the listening ear. But the calm, unselfish concentration of thought and feeling, the blending of the soul's humility with the minds fearless daring, can bring congenial and kindred Spirits, even from the bowers of Paradise. The soft caressing breeze, that fans with a caressing motion the oft-times weary brow of many bereaved ones, may it not be a Spirit-mother's heaven sent token of rememberance, a renewed sign of an angel's sympathy for a mortal's tribulations? Why not? Who among us, but has felt the mysterious influence of solitude, the holy charm, the elevating tendency of an hour's commune with the things above.

Wherefore attribute all to imaginations power? And what may that same power often be, if not the boon of intution, the appreciation of things unseen, but felt as existing? Because all feel not alike, must that of necessity be a falsehood, which many feel as truth, but others comprehend not, and therefore reject? There are those nature loving souls, that greet heaven's sunshine day by day, with ever renovoted joy and thankfulness; finding beauty in the skie's calm depths, and in a streamlet's flaw of music; while others see no loveliness upon the face of nature; gathering no flowers by the wayside, finding no beauty, hearing no music, save in the glitter and the sound of gold!

"But," say the opponents of Spiritualism, and the would-be shrinking investigator also, "there is so much that is contradictory, so many disappointments are encountered, there is so much deception even!" All this is true. Contradictory communications, conflicting opinions have been given, by means purporting to be Spiritual; but, dear human brother, have *you* sought the Spiritual intercouse in the true and becoming state of mind? did you leave behind you, determined that it should be for ever, all envy and uncharitableness? did you bid farewell to your money grasping propensities, your fear of anothers success; your pride, and your suspicion of other's motives? And you, dear truth-seeking sister, did you carry along with you, unto the circle's precincts, the vain fluttering thoughts of earthly pleasures the ambition of wealth; the unchecked vanity; and yet desire correct Spiritual communications, from highly advanced, and love and wisdom dedicated Spirits? Did you venture, believing yourself in the presence, or within the influence of higher natures than your own, to question futurity concerning earthly riches, and earthly destiny? Unprepared for high and holy communications, filled with the every day trifles of an unreflective existence, could you expect the pure, the progressed, the unselfish immortals to hold intercourse with one so uncongenial as thyself? Then, if no communication follows, the Spirits are not existing; if those corresponding to thy own frivolous attributes, give their characteristic messages, Spiritualism with all its beauty of holiness and truth, is declared an imposture, or a mystification of the baffled intruder.

Then again, if, perchance, the long looked for earnestly desired communication comes at length, fully and satisfactorily, all the vaunted courage, and determination fails, and the cheek blushes with superstitious terror, and your self-formed fears place the hindrance in the path. In place of the loved and progressed Spirit in its radiant beauty, and robes of celestial brightness, in place even of the darkened Spirit's repentant mien and sombre garb; mortal fear will conjure up from the realms of fable, and nursery tradition, tales of dread, and forms of horror, changing the celestial visitors to weird phantom sha[illegible]; and the beautiful intercourse of Heaven wit[illegible]arth is interdicted by silly fears, and unfounded apprehensions.

There are also some designing and mercenary men, who profane a holy cause for the futherance of their paltry ambition and love of gain; but when in the world's annals has any creed ever existed without in its progression encountering abuses and adherents who were a disgrace to the cause. So with us. Many heaven-sent gifts have been abused on earth—so with the glorious cause of proof in the Hereafter.

Spirit! the very word breathes of celestial meaning, appealing to the beauty-loving eye, the idealizing mind, the worshipping heart of the votary of the beautiful. Spirit is in all things—in the leaflet's tracery, in the graceful waving of the music-breathing foliage, when the soft airs of Heaven make Spirit melody, and showers of sunshine illumine the forest depths. Spirit—within the starry heavens at night, within the moon's wondrous beauty and soulful charm of radiance, in the ocean's waving murmers, in its thunder tones, in the voices of the storm, and in the morning's balm; greetings, in every note uprising from the myria warblers of hill and grove, in the blue sky's depths and in the rainbow's blended harmony. In al things in dwelling is the Spirit of life and truth and the voices of immortality responding to th human prayer. In nature's every manifestation a signal of the father's bounty, of the beauty and th usefulness of life and trial. And shall we, need we, fear its highest and loveliest form, man assuming the angel's garb, woman appearing in seraph guise! Fear, the mother of our hearts, now a being of superior mould, a guardian angel to her earth left child, fear the Spirit touch of a father's hand, the renewal of the oft-invoked blessing and counsel—fear the friends so loved and loving—the long unseen, but ever unforgotton, fear their holy and benign influence, the surrendering of our hearts to angel guidance, to the "beloved, the true-hearted." Is not this groundless fear, that causes us to shun communion with our best-loved ones, a perversion of feeling and reason, the result of superstitious training, that bids us shun with dread the departed Spirits of friends and kindred, as we, alas, shun not wrong-doing, nor avoid anger, envy, and other dwellers of the darkness.

Pure and holy cause. Philosophy of truth and reason, Faith of love and intuition. Surely thy radiant mantle of peace will yet envelop these trembling and doubting Spirits, and give to the veriest skeptic the consciousness of a joy-giving future, as Thy benigh influences have brought consolation, joy and hope to thousands of mourning bosoms and sorrowing souls.

PHILA., Feb. 4, 1856.

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From the Religious Telegraph.

PASSING AWAY.

BY THE LONE WANDERER.

"Passing, fading, dying," is indelibly inscribed on all things here below. The gentle breeze sighs a soft farewell as it glides whisperingly by us,—the little rivulet murmus along and charms the heart with its sweet lullaby, and oh how passing sweet is its tiny song. It is a "still small voice," and to the soul it whispers of the decay of earthly things. We look upon the flowers in the merry spring-time,—they spring forth, they bloom and their sweet odors fill the air; but ere long they droop, they fade, they wither and die, and their beauty and glory again mingle with the dust. Alas! that the most beautiful and heavenly thing of earth should ever fade the soonest! There is a heavenward tendancy in all things lovely, and oh! how we long to retain them, but ere we are aware of it, and while we have scarce begun to enjoy them, they pass noiselessly away and we see them no more!

I saw a little child,—it was beautiful as the first sweet spring flower blooming amid the ruins of fading winter; it was gentle as the modest lily, and its voice was sweet as the music of rippling waters. It knew no evil, and its little hands were not stained with harmful deeds. It was the pride of all who knew it, and a halo of love ever rested around that form divine. I looked upon it with strange delight, and its passing loveliness filled me with joy. Yet something whispered to my heart that the lovely one before me was a flower transplanted from Paradise and must not long remain exposed to the chilling coldness and darkness of earth. Alas! said I, must this lovely flower fade so soon? Must this matchless grace be torn from our enraptured gaze? And must so bright a star so soon forbear to shine and leave us now, as after a midnight lightning-flash, in deeper gloom? So I gazed and thought, and as I gazed, the lovely being faded from my sight and left the world to mourn its loss!

I have seen a mother—ah yes, I *had* such a mother! She was all gentleness, mildness, and love! (O, where is the heart so hard that it does not now and then forget its wickedness, and become once more a child of innocence, when fond memory brings it back to the spring-time of life to feel the heavenly warmth of a mother's love!) O yes, I saw and had such a mother! Other friends I have had, and I have known the love of others; but their friendship was fleeting and their love was a breath that passed quickly away! That gentle mother passed away, and there is none I dare to love, and none I know to love me.

When the best and most heavenly things on earth are of so short duration, why should we wish to remain long! Rather should we desire to finish our allotted time and then cheerfully obey the divine summons and meanwhile strive to profit by the good things that God has permitted us to enjoy.

All things in nature are subjected to one beautiful round of creation, decay, death, resurrection and life, given to teach us that our earthly form must soon pass away, and "this mortal put on immortality."

"Let the rich rejoice in that he is made low, for as the flower of the grass he shall pass away.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 14th, 1855.

* * *

REASONS FOR WEARING A MOUSTACHE.—Punch has questioned one thousand persons with the following results: To avoid shaving, 69; to avoid catching cold, 32; to hide their teeth, 5; to take away from a prominent nose, 3; to avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad, 7; because they are in the army, 7; because they have been in the army, 221; because Prince Albert does it, 2; because it is artistic, 29; because you are a singer, 3; because you travel a good deal, 17; because you have lived long on the Continent, 3; because the wife likes it, 8; because you have weak lungs, 5; because it acts as a respirator, 29; because it is healthy, 77; because the young ladies admire it, 471; because it is considered "the thing," 10. —*Hartford Times.*

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1856.

OPPOSITIONAL PHASES IN LONDON.

As our European correspondent has been kind enough to send us specimens of the issues, intellectual and theological, now being made in London against Spiritualism and the manifestatations, it may interest the reader to know something of the same, for now that a calm has come to the contending parties in this country, it may enable all truthfully disposed minds to rightfully appreciate all such exhibitions of thought and feeling at their exact value. We shall for the most part, however, content ourself with extracting from the pamphlet, that the reader may judge for himself, for the work was evidently intended, (as indeed the title page informs us,) to be "a *rap* for the Rappers."

The writer, whose name is Kidd, must be related to that notorious individual celebrated in song and story for his piracy, for, he evinces an equal readiness to assassinate sense and murder reputations, as the work abounds in bitterness of spirit, insolence in logic and irony of description, all of which are concentrated and intensified in severity, when applied to the Spirits or the manifestations. Much of his mental extravagance, however, may be accounted for on the principle of "*association*," since it is generally conceded, that "*evil communication corrupts* good morals."

That his associations have been of a sectarian character is most obvious to us, from the contempt he so savegely expresses for "poor human nature" in general and the Spirit Rappers in particular.—Indeed he says, "none but a *mad man* would contend that the Great God of Heaven and Earth ever did, or ever will give permission to *mortals* to *rule* over "the Spirits of just men made perfect." This statement, if intended to justly represent the views of Spiritualists, will somewhat surprize the reader, as it is conceded by all who pretend to have any knoweldge on the subject, that Spirits are *not* to be *commanded*. If we, however, by correct lives and harmonious souls prepare ourselves for the "communion of Saints," we may hope not only for the "*forgiving of sins*," but for that closer union with God and Angels, which will enable us to hold *constant* and *divine* communion with the Spirits of "just men made perfect."

Mr. Kidd does not take this view of the subject, for he not only deplores the advent of Spiritualism, but *rants* and *cants* about its tendency, as if it was evil, and evil only.

He not only speaks of Spsritualists as *silly dupes*, but contends, that "all who *seriously* believe in such things, *must at once relinquish any claim to Christianity, and deny their belief in God*." Consequently, "that *so many* of the Church Clergy should *take* an *active* part in upholding these Spirits," is a matter of such marked regret with him, that he becomes oblivious to all mental restraint, and rants after the following style.

"Encouraged by the sanction of those who should know better, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that the nobility, gentry, and the people at large, should patronise the imposture of the day. They have done so, and are doing so to a great extent. Those who are well versed in the human brain, hardly need be told that this folly, persevered in, has sent many victims to the madhouse. In America too, we read that "more than ten thousand persons (believers in the Spirits,) are habited in strait-jackets, in addition to those who have died raving mad." Who can wonder at it? We frighten *children* with an ideal "Bogie;" and when we are ourselves grown up, we fall before the same spectre! Thus are we justly punished for our folly."

The absurdity of the above, although nearly akin to the monstrous, does not cause Mr. Kidd any misgiving as to what he "*reads*," (if indeed he ever read any thing of the kind,) for he goes on to slander and villify every medium that has ever visited England from this country. The testimony of nearly all mediums and investigators are set aside as "of the most childish and silly character." One or two indeed escape the imputation of *insanity*, because they give their *names* in connection with the *facts*. Let the following illustrate. He says in a *note*.

"The subjoined is by Mr. Bird, a highly respectable gentleman, who has boldly and honorably given *his name and address*. He is therefore *entitled* to be heard. He remarks: 'We now adjourned to the library; and, numbering seven, two of the party (ladies) sat down to a large and heavy round table, all placing our hands on it. We had loud raps from all parts of this table, and from the oaken bookcases. * * * One of the ladies brought a guitar, and placed it under the table. As the table was large, it was easily seen. Presently the strings were faintly agitated, the sounds became gradually louder, *and a tune was fairly played out by invisible means*. I observed the instrument to move twice, but I am sure no one touched it. After this, the heavy table at which we were sitting gradually rose from the floor—our hands resting upon it—*it rose at least six inches and remained in a state of suspension some time*; then, tipped backwards and forwards. This was succeeded *by a vibration of the table* that was communicated to our bodies and the chairs upon which we were sitting, as if some powerful fluid were escaping. The sensation, as if the grip of a hand, was felt on the knee of two of the party successively, followed by very loud raps from the table."

We quote the above, for the facts and testimony given by Mr. Kidd in favor of the witness, as it proves that *sensible* men do testify to what they have seen and *known* whereof they affirm.

But does this alter Mr. Kidd's estimate of Spiritualism and the tendency of Spirit intercourse;—not an iota, for he not only consigns Robert Owen to perpetual "*imbecility* and *deafness*," but talks of Dr. Ashburner after this fashion.

"We have a sad instance of the power of example, and fatal curiosity, in Dr. Ashburner,—a man, who by comparison with the small fry I have just been broiling, is as the sun to the moon,—the Morning Star to a rushlight. This gentleman, in an evil hour, visited one of the crafty "media." By this wicked woman he was induced to invoke the Spirit of his father, who had departed this life fifty years ago. The consequence was (of course,) the appearance (to his mind's eye) of his honored sire. A long conversation passed betweed them, the details of which are now in my possession, together with many other most extraordinary revelations made to the Doctor by a number of his intimate departed friends of former days. I repeat it, the evidence of this gentleman distresses me more than that of all the rest put together. In a word, Dr. Ashburner is the *only* person I have yet met with, who is worthy of a patient hearing. That he is under a lamentable delusion, admits of no doubt; but he argues temperately, and gives "the reasons" for his faith in so straightforward a manner, that it is impossible to quarrel with him. Moreover, he boldly gives *his name*. With rare exceptions, the defenders of Spiritualism *dare not* do this."

It would seem from this last remark, that the great sin of Spiritualists consists in their withholding their names and addresses, although it is somewhat difficult to realize what benefit they could be to Mr. Kidd, since he undervalues moral testimony, however well the witness may be known. For instance, Mrs. Trollope writes from Florence, and testifies to the truthful integrity of Mr. Hume, the *medium*, in the following words, without affecting in the least Mr. Kidd's foregone conclusion.—She says: "I state *very solemnly* that, (as regards Mr. Hume,) whatever may be the origin, cause, and nature of the various phenomena, they are not produced by any *fraud, machinery, jugglery*, or *trickery* on *his* part." Indeed Mr. Kidd seems determined to have *no* sensible and honest testimony on the subject, for in a foot note of some length, he more then hints at the insanity of Dr. Ashburner. We extract the following.

"Within the last few days, chance has thrown me into the society of a gentleman intimate with Dr. Ashburner. His opinion coincides with mine (entirely,) as to the state of the Doctor's mind *on one point*. Indeed as he says, the Doctor's *countenance* proclaims it. Some time since, at a dinner party (I am informed,) the Doctor was observed to fill a glass of wine, and whilst gazing on vacuity, to bow, in token of recognition. *He* evidently saw "somebody," in his mind's eye. Later in the evening, he was questioned on the matter; when he openly avowed that he had been "*taking wine with his father*,—a common practice of his."

But we have quoted quite enough to illustrate the spirit and general character of the work, and if it in any sensible degree, is expressive of the opposition now going on in England, it would seem to illustrate the principle, that a *disease* is violent in proportion to the age of the afflicted.

It may be that ere long, other than wordy opposition will be used, in order to give point and cogency to the argument, for bigotry such as Mr. Kidd is capable of any thing, and the Church is still sensitive to innovation.

We hope, however, *the* day has gone bye, for *that* kind of fanaticism, and for all such exhibitions of ecclesiastic folly. How far the American press is *responsible* for this fierce manifestation of theological denunciation, it were hard to say, but it is *obvious* that our secular press reports, as to the prevalence of, and the tendency to insanity among Spiritualists, *has* authorized and justified to Mr. Kidd, much of his extravagance. It becomes the members of the press to see that they tell the *truth* and nothing but the truth, lest when not expected, their own assertions are turned upon them, to their shame and disgrace.

England, however, can well afford to have a change in religious feeling and public worship, if the following picture of Mr. Kidd's is any way true. Probably it is characteristic of the *man*, which is anything but *Kid* like, notwithstanding his name. He says:

"I often shudder, when I observe the estimate formed of the Great Greator by those even who *profess* to love, fear, and worship Him. A solemn mockery is nearly all our (so-called) Christian worship! It is mere tinsel; all outside show,—a perfect sham.—Sunday to wit, clears off all the score of the week! Long faces, demure looks, and two hours' tedious attendance at some fashionable church—this sets the conscience of the World and his wife all right. It keeps up appearances too! "People pay as they go." Oh, England—*art* thou a Christian country?

We now take our leave of Mr. Kidd, as we have neither room nor disposition for further extracts. The above, however, are instructive in spite of their bad spirit and worse logic, for they inform us of the progress of Spiritualism in London, "the present metropolis of the world." They admonish us to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," in the issues we make on progress and civilization, lest we be found fighting against the advent of the "kingdom of Heaven'' and the reign of peace on earth.

"THE PHANTASY DISAPPEARING!"

Under this head, the *New Church Herald*, of Feb. 2, has an article of over two columns of "things *new and old* pertaining to *medium* come-shorts," in which the editor psyehologizes himself into the *consoling* belief that Spiritualism is passing away, because some unexpected development ahd "*striking*" manifestations occurred in some of the dark circles of this and other cities.

As we have already made note of such of these as came through the *mediation* of the Davenport mediums, it will be unnecessary to say more at present, although the larger part of the article under consideration relates to them.

What is most important in this article is an extract from the *Spiritual Universe*, in which Mr. Jonathan Koon's daughter, is implicated as a participant—if not accused of being the "only active" agent in the development of the manifestations that occurred at the house of Mr. Everett, in Cleveland, Ohio.

This statement is of too serious a character to be disposed of in a moment, and we withhold comment until we get a full detail of the facts in the case and know both sides of the story. This *reservation* is due to Mr. Koons, as he and his family have been before the public for some years, having been tested and tried as mediums in almost every variety of form, by the many committees, who, from time to time, have met at his Spirit Rooms.

This *caution*, to us so natural, was never dreamed of by the editor of the *New Church Herald*, for having long since *psychologized* himself into *phantomology*, he was prepared, by virtue of a foregone conclusion, to make mountains out of mole hills, and see trick and imposture, where good sense and thoughtful discrimination would ask for closer observation and renewed experiment.

Accordingly he breaks forth with the rapturous and prophetic declaration, that "all bubbles must burst, however large they may become. Their increased size does not prevent them from bursting, but rather indicates that the time for their explosion is near at hand."

All of which indicates that the Rev. Mr. Hough is the partizan of a theory, and the zealot of an idea, rather than the calm observer of nature, and the thoughtful student of the manifestations.

Still, he is gracious enough to give some Spiritualists credit for mental discernment and practical honesty, notwithstanding their *previously psychologized* condition. This, however, is because they have "*been most active in detecting and exposing tricks*," rather than because they are *competent* judges of what is *fact* and what is *fiction*. He says:

"This is a gratifying fact in one sense. It is a satisfactory proof to the public, if, indeed, any proof was needed, that those men are honest in believing that those physical manifestations are sometimes veritable realities. It is not unreasonable, however, to hope that the repeated discovery of these deceptions, in cases where persons have not permitted themselves to be brought under the direct influence of Spirits, or their mediums, may at length turn the attention of all who are seeking for the truth in regard to this matter to the only true and rational solution—Phantasies induced upon the senses for subjects who are impressible, and deceptive tricks for those who are not."

The testimony of this extract in favor of the *honesty* of Spiritualists, is the only clear point about it; for it is anything but "*reasonable*" to hope further discovery" from a class, whose very peculiarities as *Spiritualists*, Mr. Hough thinks, disqualifies them for rendering *just judgment*, since the whole Spiritual family are *bounded*-on the impressible side by phantomdom, and on the non-impressive by tricks of deception.

Mr. Hough, and all in sympathy or expectation with him, are like to meet with a "very great disappointment," for the only exposures thus far the Spiritualists have been called on to make were those associated with and developed in *dark circles*, all of which can be *dispensed* with without any serious injury to the philosophy or progress of Spiritualism. At the same time, it is a question of *fact*, as to the extent of "deception," even in dark circles, for there are those who *know* they have received *genuine* manifestations from their Spirit friends in the dark alone, as well as in circles. It should be distinctly borne in mind, however, that Spiritualism does not assimilate with darkness, nor does the best minds of the age look at the manifestations from that stand point. The proof of this is found in statements and facts like the following, which was sent to the *Cambridge Chronicle* by a correspondent. He says:

"One or two of the Harvard professors, as well as a large number of the most respectable citizens of Cambridge, have become deeply interested in this remarkable phenomenon, and have listened with amazement to scientific and theological discourses purporting to be inspired by Franklin, Watts, and other illustrious minds.

And the *Portsmouth* (N. H.) *Gazette* alluding to the above, thus particularizes:

"One of the professors here alluded to is Henry W. Longfellow. It is also stated that Rev. Mr. Mountford, Rev. Dr. Parker, Judge Phillips, Peter Harvey, Esq., Alvin Adams, Esq., and other well-known citizens are investigating the subject."

In sight of these and many other facts that might be stated, we see little cause for apprehension, but much, *very much* for consolation and encouragement. It may be the "*phantasy*" is disappearing from the minds of some Swedenborgians. Some of whom stand in need of mental emancipation as much as any other class of religionists with whom we are acquainted, in which progress we wish them God speed.

Nor shall we despair of the editor of the *Herald*, for although he is at present mentally *befogged* by theory, and surrounded by the phantoms of his past psychological experience, we remember the words the old hermit did say: "It is *always* the *darkest hour*—the *hour* before day."

EDITORIAL "CIVILITY."

We are not often called on to vindicate *our* infallibility, or what is nearly the same thing, justify every thought or proposition that appears in the columns of this paper; and therefore we hope the reader will be patient under this infliction.

It seems we have offended the editor of the *New Church Herald*, on the score of "civility and propriety" so much, that it does *seem* a *little* strange to him "that the editor of the *Spiritualist*, the general tone of whose paper has hitherto been respectful and gentlemanly towards every one, should admit into his columns an article, the language of which is so coarse and undignified as that of the one referred to."

The article complained of, seems to be obnoxious in "doctrine" as well as style, and therefore doubly defective to our editorial brother.

Those of our readers who would know more of the article in question, will get the necessary information by reading in our issue of January 26, under the head of "Editorial Gumption," some reflections by James K. Newton on T. S. Arthur and the editor of the *New Church Herald*.

To the editor of the *Herald*, we have but two remarks to offer at present:—

1st. We seldom reject an article because of its *peculiarities* of style or "doctrine," and as seldom are we called on to play the *godfather* to the articles that appear in our columns.

2d. The above is not the result of policy, nor does it spring from indifference to *culture*, but is the natural consequence of a conviction that progress and *Christian* ethics require free minds, and individualized souls, rather than tamed and educated echoes.

And we hope these will be good and sufficient reasons why Mr. Newton should say his say, so long as he does not violate the acknowledged usages or proprieties of civilized society. Still, Mr. Newton's style may not be classic in finish, nor Johnsonian in dignity, and yet be far from offensive to the majority of readers.

On the present occasion, the editor of the *Herald* must blame himself in part if Mr. Newton's remarks seem "coarse," for his *psychological* crusade on Spiritualism has long since *invited* ridicule rather than argument.

We say this *not* to offend, but as explanatory of the convictions of many who know the logic and philosophy by which the Rev. Sabin Hough, editor of the *New Church Herald*, proposes to get rid of the *facts* and consequences of Spirit intercourse. On some future occasion we shall return to the subject, as our tolerance seems to surprise the editor of the *Herald*.

CAN SPIRITS ACT ON MATTER?

To those interested in the discussion of this question, we submit the following facts, as they are pertinent to the issue, and *demand* an explanation. The editor of the *Spiritual Universe* says:

"E. H. Wood, residing in Warrington, Warrren Co., Mo., under date of Jan. 26, writes us that there is a child in that place only three years old, who is a powerful medium for physical manifestations. By merely putting her hand upon a large dining table, it will move about the house like a living and intelligent thing. We commend that child and that table, to Rev. Dr. Mahan. He must put a stop to such doings, by bringing his will-power to bear upon the odylic force, or neither the one, nor the other will save his theory from being utterly repudiated.

Again, The editor of the *New England Spiritualist* in a late issue says: "An acquaintance of ours being at Mr. Redman's rooms, on Thursday, Jan. 17th, an intelligence claiming to be the Spirit of an old friend, named Peter Ferris, whom he had known "on the Grampian Hills in good old Scotland," made himself known, and performed a variety of curious feats. Among other things, the gentleman's silver snuff-box, which he had been requested to place on the floor beneath the table, suddenly disappeared. Search was made for it in all possible places, even to the pockets of the medium and another gentleman present, but without success—the invisibles all the while claiming, by means of raps or writing, that it was in their possession. They promised to return it at some future time. While searching for this box, Mr. Redman found concealed in a vase, a miniature likeness of a friend, which he alleged had been taken from his own pocket three weeks before while in a public meeting at a distant part of the city, and which had been missing all that while.

A week later, this gentleman was at the same place, and while he and Mr. R. were engaged at the table, no other persons being present, *the missing snuff box fell with great force from aloft*. Striking the table, it bounded to the floor, sprung open, and a scrap of paper fell out, on which were these words, formed in capital letters, with a pencil: "I HAVE DONE WITH THE BOX. PLEASE TAKE NO MORE OF THE FILTHY WEED, AND OBLIGE THY SPIRIT FRIEND, PETER." Our informant declares that the medium could not have thus produced the box, as he was watching him narrowly all the while, and both his hands were upon the table at the time.—He also saw the box as it descended, as soon as it came within the range of his vision, being about a foot above the table. Wonderful Odyle! Strange that it should so wickedly persist in calling itself a departed human Spirit!

MR. A. J. DAVIS'S LECTURES.

Mr. Davis continues to lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute, Sunday and Friday evenings; and thus far his lectures have been attended by large and appreciative audiences.

In his last lecture on Character, Mr. D. gave a series of *broadly* drawn sketches, by way of illustrating the perpetuity and force of the educational and acquired character, in the Spirit world. The lecture had good and strong points in it; but, taken as a whole, it was far below what we have a right to expect from Mr. Davis, considering his pretentions as a *seer*, and his reputation as a writer. And we would respectfully suggest to him the possibility of his occasionally mistaking sarcasm and irreverence, for wit and humor; the more as such exhibitions of *character* fail of convincing the *thoughtful* or converting the erring. No doubt the "Ministry" has many defects, as well as many unworthy members; but the brighter side of the picture should not be lost sight of by a "*Seer*," professing the "*Harmonial*" philosophy.

In making these reflections, we are not criticising, but ministering to the "*needs*" of Mr. Davis, for he seems at times oblivious to *his own* teachings, as to the tendency of implied *censure*, "*praise* or *blame*."

Mr. Davis lectures on Friday evening, on the "Perpetuity of Character," and on Sunday evening on "The Effects of Spiritualism for the next fifty years."

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Davis will lecture on the "Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism," which lecture, we hope, will be numerously attended, as the *abuses* of Spiritualism should be *known* and *avoided*.

"THE RAPPING NOT NEW."

When the opposition succeed in gathering a few facts from history or biography, authorizing the above statement they think an effectual quietus, has been given to the claims of modern Spiritualism; since a few, professing a belief in the ministry of angels, affect a distinction between the ancient and modern manifestations. The issue, however, is destitute of significancy to those who translate *all* time as God's time, and accept *Spiritualism* as the ultimate analysis of His universal and constantly unfolding Gospel. This truth, so poorly understood at present, was *intuitive* in Jesus, for he recognized the authority of "the Law and the Prophets," and *labored* for their fulfilment rather than their destruction, while ministering to the needs of an unbelieving and a materialistic age. The philosophy of history and the teachings of Providence admonish all to be equally constructive and catholic in faith, for the *angels* that sought out and labored for the redemption of the infidel and materialistic Jews, are equally necessary *now* to revive and quicken the Spiritual elements in man, and awaken the formulistic Christian to the duties and pleasures of a "pure and undefiled religion."

There will be no difficulty in recognizing this conclusion as both logical and philosophical, when men learn to look at the government of God from the moral and Spiritual stand-points; for the religious must have its Spiritual *mediatorial* agents as well as the body has its; if, indeed, life is rounded and harmoniously adapted to its many-phased and diversified issues.

When Spiritualism is studied from this standpoint, there will be neither old or *new* in the economy of God, but a constantly unfolding Gospel, every page of which will be significant of wisdom and radiant with love; and *facts* like the following, instead of being given in opposition, will illustrate the mediation of the angels, who have ever been ministering to those who were to be "heirs of salvation." The following is quoted by Mr. Baxter, in his "Historical Discourse on Apparitions," *from DeFoe's Life of Duncan Campbell*; 2d ed.; p. 107.

"There is now in London, an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness; he often lodges long together here in his brother's house, and whensoever he is drunk and has slept himself sober, something knocks at his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot. When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him, and kept his hands lest he should do it himself. His brother has often told it me, and brought his wife, a discreet woman, to attest it, who avers, moreover, that as she watched him, she has seen his shoes under the bed taken up, and nothing visible to touch them. They brought the man himself to me, and when we asked him how he dare sin again after such a warning, he had no excuse. But being persons of quality, for some special reason of worldly interest I must not name him."

For the Christian Spiritualist.

MATERIALISTIC ISSUES.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R.

It is the peculiar province of yandeedom, to convert every thing to purposes of practical utility; and all outside of that sphere is rejected as bogus. A power that cannot be applied to machinery for the manufacture of clocks or nutmegs, is destined to a cold reception, with a genuine descendant of the pilgrims. An antiquated or canonical feature in accordance with preconceived views, is also highly meritorius in all the appliances and principles of life. In this view, we find an article on Spiritualism in the *Olive Branch* taken from the *Rural Intelligencer*. A few short extracts are given as the foundation of remark.

"To us it appears a little singular, to say the least, that our fathers and our mothers who have entered the Spirit-land, if permitted to hold intercourse with their sons and daughters in the flesh, should come, *not* as good Spirits came to the world in prophetic and apostolic tones, but in the ridiculous shapes of rapping upon tables, overturning furniture, &c."

It is evident to the Bible reader, that the above view of necessary dignity in Spiritual manifestations, comes from an individual badly posted up in the *modus operandi* of Spirit intercourse among the ancient Jews. The Jews had five modes of communicating with the Spirit world, each and every mode in every respect as simple and undignified as table tipping or even modern fortune telling.—The Urim and Thamnim which the Israelites learned of the Egyptian magicians, was the instrument most prevalent among the Israelites, as a medium of communication. When a person wished to enquire of God as to the expediency of going to war, or for any other purpose, he went to the priest, who enquired of Jehovah as to the utility of the object in view, and professed to read the answer in the stone on his breast plate. When Ahab enquired if he should go up to Ramoth-Gilead, he was told to "go and prosper" by four hundred prophets or mediums. He went, and was slain by the Assyrians. Such prophets in our day would be considered very unreliable mediums. Some of the prophets were personating mediums, and their *personifications*, as recorded in the Bible, are too obscene to be read in respectable society. Read Isaiah, chap. 20. The apostolic revelations are identical with those of to-day, in every particular, including vision, unknown tongues, healing, writing and rapping; and the man who denies it betrays his ignorance of Spirit intercourse to all who have investigated this science.

In reference to the utilities of Spiritualism, the same article goes on to say:

"If they can turn a table around, and lift it up with heavy men upon it, surely they could turn a grindstone, or even a mill-wheel, and become benefactors of the friends by saving the expense of steam and water power. When the good Spirits of Archimedes or Fulton shall do this for the world, we shall believe in their revelations on other points."

There is but one step from divine revelation to axe grinding with the author of the sentiment quoted above. Puffing his wares and praising his Maker in the same breath is characteristic of the true Yankee; but I did not know before that any of my Bible-believing countrymen were desirous of converting angel-power to the turning of grindstones and mill-wheels. The inanimate elements of water, steam and electricity are every way adequate as motive powers to the purposes of machinery and navigation. But the *Rural Intelligencer* is ambitions of uniting extremes. How refined and celestial it would sound to say, "an engine of fifty angel power, instead of "horse power."

It may be that we have degenerated from the old prophetic times, but I remember no instance in the Bible where angels were set to turning grindstones

Again I quote:

"We are a little suspicious that the Spirit of a Webster, a Franklin, a Napoleon, or an Alexander which have so many communications to make in these days, are not the Spirits of those men after all; and that a medium may as well call the Spirit of a pet dog or cat as that of Washington or Newton; and that the communications from them will read as profoundly wise as those from the latter."

In my experience, I find a willingness on the part of Spirits to personate any individual, that vain, popularity-seeking people are desirous of communicating with. Whether or not a medium can call the Spirit of a dog or cat is a question of philosophy, and every way worthy of investigation. We have no proof of the annihilation of animals at death in the Bible or anywhere else. We have proof, however, in natural philosophy, that elephants, dogs ann other animals think, which is a good test of mentality, either in the animal or the man. So far as I understand mental science, communications from mind to mind must be on the same plane of development, or from the higher to the lower. The lower cannot affect the higher for want of force. In the first case the law of affinity governs; in the second the law of instruction. Necessarily, the teacher occupies a higher plane than the pupil, and without the law of instruction we could learn nothing, for all instruction comes from higher authority. Now by the law of affinity a man can communicate with the Spirit of a dog if he occupies the same plane of mental unfolding. This is a subject of investigation and not of discussion, and if the *Rural Intelligencer* has lost a pet dog he can test the matter to his entire satisfaction.

His last point is an improvement on the philosophy of the preceding ones:

"Nor do we think it is always necessary that the person should be dead before he can appear to a medium and make marvellous revelations."

Every practical psychologist knows that it makes very little differnce, whether the communicating mind is embodied or disembodied. Consequently, the last point in review is correct, and a good indication of progress. There is a prospect, that the *Scribes* of the opposition are preparing to lay aside their playthings, and enter upon a plane of manly argument. And I would suggest to this class of our friends that they make themselves practically acquainted with the modes of Spirit-intercourse both in ancient and modern times. I think after doing so, they will find that to ridicule one, is to cast reproach upon the other. All the objections that can be made to the Davenport Circle, or any other dark Circle, would hold good against the "Holy of Holies" in Solomon's Temple. After the erection of that magnificent edifice, all other modes of intercourse with Jehovah, the God of the Jews, were considered of minor importance when compared with the revelations given in the "Holy of Holies." That room was located in the central part of the Temple, where the light of the sun never came. There was but one small entrance, and none but priests were allowed to enter that.—The devotee who wished to ask of Jehovah the expediency of going to war, or doing any material business, had no recourse but to send in his request by the priest, and receive his answer from the priest. So material did the Jews become, that at the advent of Christianity, one of the most popular of the Jewish sects, the Sadducees denied the resurrection and the existence of angels and Spirits. It seems to be very inconsistent for the material philosophers of our day, who know little and care less about the Bible, to be pointing forever to the sublimity of the Mosaic Dispensation, as condemnatory of the undignified modes of revelation, of our age and era. In looking over the history of the "man of Nazareth," and his immediate followers, I find nothing of that majestic grandeur and sublime awe, that formal Christianity teaches us to expect in the characters of the mediums of the Divine Revelation. The Jews were looking for a Messiah, whose external splendor should dazzle the world.

But when he came, so modest, so humble, so unlike what their materialism had expected, they despised him. Doubtless his countenance was benignant and of surpassing loveliness: it could not be otherwise, for the face is the certain index of the mind. But he wore no crown, coronet, or jeweled tiara; he wore no mitre, or priestly robe; he came not through the Jewish church, or to it, but against it. He coveted not the favors of priests, of potentates, and he was scorned, outlawed, and murdered.

If the objectors to the present Dispensation will take the trouble to examine the records, they will find that they are walking in the footsteps, and repeating the objections, reproaches, and persecutions of the Jews in every particular. And if the professing christian will look about him, he will find that he occupies the same platform in this crusade against Spiritualism, with those denominated by himself, infidels, atheists, and materialists. And I am exceedingly sorry to say it, that our Swedenborgian brethren, (who are a very Spiritual people,) in some respects adopt the same mode of reprehension. Patience and perseverance must be our motto. If we are right, we shall stand, if wrong, we ought to fall.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE MATERIAL WISDOM OF THE AGE.

There is in the present, as in every age which has preceded it, a class of philosophers who feel themselves competent to decide on nature's laws.

They prescribe certain landmarks, beyond which should any *hapless wight* have the temerity to venture he must be prepared to suffer the derision and sneers of *said philosophers*, together with a large class of people who never take the trouble of thinking for themselves. He should, however, be happ in the conviction that the future will do him justi and be willing to suffer martyrdom for *truth's sak*

I would not here be understood as underrating the attainments in science, consequent upon the severe and unsparing labor of men who have, in all ages, conferred lasting benefits upon the race. I trust I have a just appreciation of their merit, while I am very far from believing them to have arrived at the ultimate of human knowledge, as doubtless "There are many things in heaven and earth *not* dreamt of in *their* philosophy," and so far as a full understanding of the laws of mind and matter are concerned, the wisest have *not as yet graduated out of the Primary Department.*

Fortunately, however, we are living in an age of the world when the vision has become better able to bear the light, and all that goes to make up the man as a *conscious*, individual existence, is becoming expanded under its genial influence. Still, this great *Juggernaut of public opinion*, rolls on with as good a will but much less power to crush its victims.

The wonderful phenomena called Spirit Manifestations were, for a long time thought, *by these ph losophers, par excellence*, too contemptible for seriou consideration, and (*they*) branded all who professed to believe them what they purported to be, as *knaves* or *madmen*. They have finally, however, been forced into *the investigation* by the startling facts attested to by *men of high standing*, both *morally* and *intellectually*.

From the above considerations they were *obliged to meet the issue*; and they went into *the investigation* with the *avowed* design of *exploding*, what they conceived to be the *great* delusion of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The results of their labors are before the world, from the *knee-joint theory* to that of the odylic force; none of which have been sufficient to tur "*a single sinner from the error of his ways*," bu have rather tended to *increase the number* of the "deluded." Indeed, they may with great appro priateness adopt the ever-memorable saying (with *slight variation*) "We have met the enemy and we are theirs.

It would naturally be supposed, that when the best minds of the country had found themselves at fault in their attempts to explain away this gre truth the controversy would have ended. Not the multitude who stand ever ready to conde any new truth, finding themselves forsaken b their oracles, (the philosophers,) have, all at onc by a metamorphosis, scarcely equalled by an thing we read of in the Arabian Nights, becom *defenders* of the faith represented by the religi creeds and dogmas of the day. *They* have com entertain a peculiar affection for that book, wi the lids of which they have seldom taken th trouble to look, and for which their lives ha shown but little reverence. Fitly enough the fore are they the echoes of that material cla which has shown in all ages its disposition to cr cify every newly-developed truth.

But as the dispensation of Christ overshado and took the place of that which preceded it, so w that which is now dawning upon the earth, ov come the errors and superstitions which ha marred the beautiful structure raised by Jesu Nazareth. It will usher in a day of rejoicin the whole Human race—that promised day w "none shall say to his brother know the Lo when all will be peace and good will, "and ev soul will become a fit temple for the indwelli the Holy Spirit."

S. T. Y.

For the Christian Spiritua

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XXV.

Putnam, Feb. 4th, 18

Brother Toohey.—The necessity of journe on the Monday of last week, prevented me writing my usual weekly epistle in proper tim your issue. I therefore delayed to the pr time.

On Monday, Jan. 22, being in Providen spent a portion of the morning with Mr. an Greenlaw. Mrs. G. is a very excellent tran dium, and examines and prescribes for dise the superior state. I had two or three inte with her, and was much interested in her me ship. On one occasion I met an old gent also a medium, who declared that I was inf and guided by "James the Great;" but as I no desire for great names, I am rather incli doubt the fact, though I do not by any me doubt that he was *Spiritually* so impressed. W me "*Names are nought*," and "*Truth is al*

I believe Mr. and Mrs. G. are journeying direction of New York, where I hope they ceive a welcome.

On the following day, Tuesday, at 3 P took stage and proceeded to the scene of m labors—North Scituate—where I was k ceived and entertained by Brother Charles and lady. The Second Advent Tabern been secured for my use, and in that, and succeeding evenings I addressed man minds on the subjects connected with Spirit tercourse. I trust the seed here sown will not to yield its fruit in due season.

Brother Thayer is an impressible medium is *a thorn in the side of orthodoxy*, as it is ously called. When under the influence he fearlessly what the Spirit prompts. Ta crown of the highway for his rostrum, he w village, and proclaims the truth to all wh ling to hear. The ministers gnash upon their teeth—figuratively speaking—and one has consulted with the other as to the poss putting him down, but they gave that up job. Here I was called upon to exercise ing powers in two cases of sligh: indispo

On Friday morning, Brother Benjamin of Phenix, made his appearance, hav traveled thus far to convey me to my ne ment in his village. Most cordially was at his mansion, and great was the enjoym in conversing with his amiable and exce I lectured on the same and following ev on Sunday morning, to a numerous an intellectual audience, who expressed the for a repetition of my visit, which I am o from previous engagements for the pres cline. The friends present from Washing lage I was also obliged to decline visiting same reason. Here they intend to organiz and I hope also to hold a regular weekly ence meeting, which I have no doubt will sustained. My fellow laborer Hon. Warr is kindly invited to visit Phenix, and to m home with Benj. C. Harris, of Fiskeville, the adjoining village.

After the Sunday morning lecture Mr. E me to Providence in time for my appoint 3 o'clock—on which occasion, as also in the ing, I had the pleasure to address large co tions. After the lecture I spent a few hour Brother Osborne and his family. One of his ters being a medium, I received through her sage from one of my guardian Spirits, wh gave her name in proof of her presence.

I have now said farewell to Providence and all the kind friends therein. I took my final leave on the morning of Monday, Jan. 28. As there were so many here who vied with each other in acts of kindness that the mention of their names would take too much room, I beg them to accept my warmest thanks, and assure them I shall ever remember my visit to Providence with pleasurable emotions. I would, however, desire especially to name Messrs. Knowles, Langley, Osborne, Chaffee, Shaw, and though last, not least, Mr. Sackett.

Proceeding from thence to Worcester I saw Brother Waters, with whom I concluded arrangements for lecturing on the following Sunday, yesterday, which however on account of the pre-engagement of the hall for Anti-Slavery lectures was abandoned. I fear I shall be obliged to pass by that city on account of my further engagements. In consequence of the failure of this arrangement I spent yesterday (Sunday) without lecturing, which is the first Sunday I have so spent since last June. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28, 29, and [illegible] lectured to overflowing houses in Danielsonville. I was favored with the presence of some [illegible] in this place. I hope they will follow [illegible] with a statement of their own [illegible] that the people will carefully attend, [illegible] decide for themselves. It is *just* that [illegible] should *be heard* with candor, and that [illegible] *they uttered*, should *receive* that [illegible] to be *truth*.

I received pressing invitations to lecture in [illegible], Daysville and Putnam; and in consequence I went on Thursday morning to Brooklyn, where I was kindly received by Dr. Whitcomb, [illegible] lectured on that and next evening in the Unitarian Church, which was kindly thrown open for my use. On the Friday evening took supper and spent a few hours with the pastor—Rev. Denormie—a young man of considerable promise—a free and progressive mind—who, if I mistake not, will do his work fearlessly, and be a blessing to those among whom it may be his lot to labor.

From thence I went on Saturday to Webster, concluded arrangements for lectures in that village, and returned as far as Putnam, from whence I now write.

I spent yesterday in social converse with many friends, and in the afternoon heard Rev. Mr. Johnson (Congregational) preach from the Seventh Commandment. I regretted that such a discourse should be lost on so small an audience. This gentleman is also much freed from church bigotries, and desires to lead the mind of his people into the investigation of ALL THINGS *that they may find the truth*.

This and to-morrow evenings I expect to occupy his church for the delivery of lectures. He announced them from the pulpit, and bespoke for me a full audience, stating his intention to give his views upon the subject on the Sunday following.

I cannot express the gratitude I feel to the great Father for the privilege I enjoy in being thus permitted to be a herald of the *Gospel* of the *New Dispensation*. Nor can I help admiring the efficiency of the ministering Spirits who attend my path as His servants, *preparing the way before me—[illegible] hearts of friends to receive, welcome and [illegible], and opening the doors of places for my use*, which I should not have supposed it *possible* that I should by *any means gain access*.

Wonderfully did the shackles fall from the hands of Peter, and wonderfully did his prison doors fly open for his release; but not less wonderfully do the prison doors of many a church fly open for my admission, and not less wonderfully will the fetters fall from many a creed-bound mind before the powerful influence of those Divine Truths, which are now shining upon our world.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
Jno. Mayhew.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

POETIC FANCY.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R.

Tell me not, poetic fancy
Is but sophistry refined;
The delusive necromancy
Of a visionary mind.
Don't I list with dreamy wonder
To the music on the hills,
As I sit alone, and ponder,
By the bubbling woodland rills.

Tell me not, imagination
Grasps the shadow as it flies,
Clothing fanciful creation,
In the drapery of the skies.
Don't I breathe a fragrance given
To the lilach and the rose?
Don't I see the hues of heaven
On the palest flower that grows?

Tell me not, the gush of feeling
Is unstable, weak and vain—
But the flash of passion stealing
O'er a transitory brain.
Don't my bosom thrill and tremble
When it meets a genial soul?
Vain the effort to dissemble,
Nature ever spurns control.

Tell me not that Spirit voices
Never give my soul delight;
As it dreamingly rejoices,
In the visions of the night.
Don't our angels hover o'er us
Now as in the olden time:
Watching to display before us
Glories of a higher clime.

Tell me not to worship money,
Garnered up in golden store;
I can live on mental honey,
And I ask for nothing more.
From the selfish world retiring,
To the silent, sylvan shade;
Loving still, and still admiring
Every thing that God has made.

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For the Christian Spiritualist,

A VISION.

Sadly I woke in the midnight deep,
Weeping and heavy of heart—
For a dream had haunted my troubled sleep,
So sad that I only woke to weep,—
Still the dream would not depart:

[illegible] me as I trembling lay,
Wishing the light would come—
Come, and disperse the darkness away;
Come, and restore to my soul one ray
Of hope, in its utter gloom.

Sudden, a light, but it was not morning,
Gleamed o'er my 'wildered eyes—
Sudden, a light—it was not a-dawning,
Spread o'er my pillow a fairy awning,—
Filled me with strange surprise;—

Strange, yet sweet; for there came a presence
In the midst of the light,
Crowned with a golden iridescence,
Smiling on me with soft complaisance,
Turning my day to night.

"Fear not thou," from those lips so holy
Fell on my ear in song;
Fear not thou, I am meek and lowly"—
Then a soft hand gently and slowly
Passed my brow along.

"Angels hover around thee, nightly,
Weak and suffering child;
Hover over thy pillow lightly,
Smile on thee lovingly and brightly—
Soothe thee in whispers mild.

"Sorrow not, there is hope forever;
Heart, be at perfect peace—
He that loves thee will leave thee never;
Thee from God can no darkness sever:—
Cease, throbbing bosom, cease!"

Soft came o'er me a gentle slumber.
Like the sleep of a child—
Painful dreams did no more encumber;
Flowers fell o'er me in countless number,
Strewn by that hand so mild. UNDINE.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

EQUITABLE FEES VS. "MEDIUM" CHARGES.

MR. EDITOR: I stated in an article published in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of Jan. 12th, under the caption of "Spiritual Quackery," that unscrupulous persons had desecrated a mighty power, (meaning Clairvoyance,) a mystery full of wondrous gifts and sacred revelations, to be employed by the good man, the earnest soul, the lover of humanity. My views remain unchanged.

I asserted that Spiritual services must be put at a lower figure, for the reason that the laborer who receives but six dollars per week cannot afford to pay five or ten for a prescription, a letter sheet of erudition, or an evening with the Spirits. I am of this opinion still.

I advised all persons to avoid all mediums who demand more for an hour's time than they can earn in a day at the hardest kind of manual labor. I so advise now.

I affirmed that we may *know reformers by the wages they ask*. I endorse the affirmative to-day.

I said that the Spiritual press ought to frown on quack advertisements, bolstered up by the name of Spiritualism. My opinion has not yet been shaken.

I presumed that Spiritualism at a dollar an hour was not the gospel for hod-carriers, sewing girls and servants. I am equally presumptuous at this moment.

I hinted that quackery ostensibly Spiritual, is no better than quackery mundane. I think so, most sincerely.

I conceded the point that all persons should be *paid for their labor* by those who employ them; but that the compensation should be *reasonable*. If there is anything under the smiling sun that I may be allowed to say that I fully and cordially assent to, it is this item.

For which of these propositions am I editorially stoned? A treatise on the "Polar Sea" or the "Lost Island" would have been quite as relevant, and represented my sentiments just as well as the *Telegraph's* editorials comments on my article—Spiritual Quackery. I wish to be permitted to say, that I wholly, and totally, and entirely believe that the services of every person whose powers (mental or physical) we call into requisition, for any purpose, at any time or place, under all circumstances that can by any possibility be imagined, should have their *just*, proper, fitting, appropriate reward—no more and no less. And I have not, and do not now, nor do I intend to advocate anything different. Let those who imagine that contradiction is better than calm argument, and palpable perversion as legitimate as obvious meaning and fair construction, find what solace they can in sulphurous strictures; they will not render my position less tenable, or the truth less patent to those who have the "calm, deep love of humanity" in their souls. My present consciousness, my past experience, all that I have seen, and heard, and known, and all that I see, and hear, and know to-day in connection with mediumship, assures me that I am right. Were anything wanting to prove the sum of my opinions correct, it was the delightful spice of christian criticism which my article evoked—criticism so mild in tone—so elevated in sentiment—so pure in style—so far above the ruffling winds of resentment!—But let that pass for what it is worth. I cherish no unkindness. I think there is not a person living that I wish to wound, or lacerate, or in any manner injure; but I will avow my sentiments, such as they are, with all the earnestness and fearlessness which an innate sense of truth may inspire. It matters little to me who differs with my expressed opinions; I merely claim the right to ennunciate them—I never shall ask any human brother to accept them as authority. What is good, and true, and sensible, I doubt not will take care of itself, and needs no looking after by the author. A better man than I upset the tables of the money-changers some centuries ago; those may assist to replace them who will; I have no aptitude in that way—but there are those who can do such thing deftly.

It seems, after all, that we live in a "commercial community." (See the *Telegraph* of Jan. 26.) We ought to be "specially guarded against the influences which from *thirty* to *sixty* visitors per day at *one dollar each* usually exerts in a commercial community!" I suspect *I* have no right to say that we ought to be "specially guarded against the influences" which one dollar per hour, ten dollars for "development," fifteen dollars for the services of a medium for an evening circle, five and ten dollars for a prescription, &c., &c., usually exerts on a commercial community!" It is peculiarly refreshing at this time to be perfectly assured that the *Telegraph* has discovered one abuse in mediumship which any body may venture to be "guarded against!" We should hail this concession—which is phosphorescent with truth—as a prestige of reform in the Columbus of dark circles." A few more steps in this direction will place him firmly upon my platform, when there will be no longer need that his glittering weapon cross my "rusty lance" in the open field of opinion.

There is a man shoveling snow in the street for a nine pence an hour. He has a family to support and thinks the sum I have named very good wages. He weighs two hundred pounds—so that his bone and muscle is purchased for less than a mill per hour per pound—soul thrown in. To-morrow when he becomes a medium, I am willing he should receive twenty-five cents per hour, that he may lose nothing for rigteousness sake. Moreover, he shall sit where the icy rime shall not gather upon his beard, and where not a fibre of his two hundred pounds of mortality shall shiver with the biting cold. I shall object to his "sacrificing himself to the cause" for more than fifty cents an hour—even for the purpose of "inaugurating" the blessed "millenium," and assisting his neighbors to a new, social state. My friend's Irish domestic receives one dollar fifty cents per week for her rather useful efforts in the *cuisine*. She has become a very good rapping medium. In the exercise of her new gift I am entirely willing that she also be paid twenty-five cents per hour, if she forswears the odors of the kitchen and devotes herself to the "regeneration of mankind." I dare say Bridget will bear this enormous cross with becoming fortitude! If she demands more than fifty cents, I shall fear Bridget is getting avaricious.

I happen to know something in regard to the awful wear and tear of mediums! Five or six years ago I kept the pure article of medium in my family for six months, at Charleston—one of the first and best for nearly all the phases of manifestation. She stood it excellently well; her exertions for the human race did not carry her off with marasmus, or break up the pretty solid foundations of her constitution. I paid her for her time without grumbling, and accommodated friends whenever I could without regret, compensation, or grudging. Speculators were after her; but she prefered to make *vests* for humanity rather than enter into their mercenary schemes. It is well known to my friends that I openly avowed then as now, an honest repugnance against the principle of setting up as mediums for the object of money-making, or even as an avocation. Why? Because such a course cheapens the whole thing and brings Spiritualism into discredit. The public at this moment cannot think of a correspondence with the Spiritual world save in connection with tables and dollars.

In the article under consideration, I alluded to Jesus and the apostles as examples of noble self-sacrifice. Now, I suspect that that was vastly unfashionable and old fogyish, and not adapted for a "commercial community." I must continue to believe that Christ was greater than modern reformers and mediums, and that the twelve disciples were very respectable—begging every body's pardon. I rather like to be a little old fashioned sometimes. The character of Jesus excites my admiration; and I referred to him, not with the intention of finding others like him, but hoping such a shining example might possibly soften in some measure the greedy lust for gain rampant among us. My folly was not so gross and monstrous as to imagine that Christ would have a parallel in this century; notwithstanding that Dr. Hare "stands upon the topmost rounds of our Spiritual ladder," and "*demonstrates* immortality" while Jesus only *asserted* it! Dr. Hare's *science* I fully believe in; but his correspondent's soundness I have no more faith in than I have that Robert Owen "inaugurated the millenium," all alone, on the 14th of last May.

J. H. ROBINSON.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

WHENCE COMETH OUR HELP?

Looking at the fearful perversion of life's holiest emotions and noblest uses, everywhere surrounding us, we need to ask seriously, how shall the due balance be obtained, that the spiritual may sanctify the material, and the soul hold its regal rule over the lower spheres of sense.

Anguished hearts are crying aloud ceaselessly—their voice grows stronger and deeper, with an appeal that may well call down ministering angels to unveil this mystery, and assuage this woe.

Somewhere in our social institutions, must lay the seed germinating this sorrow and wrong. We are girded round by seven-fold barriers of civil codes. What are they? walls of snow beneath a torrid sun! for crime seems but to intensify within their limits; even to-day, the greedily devoured records of our leading journals, tell a story of pallid women—of a deed whose counterpart we best might find beside the waters of the Bosphorus, which has so long borne its record of jealous tyranny, and debasing bondage, of sensuality and sin.

Moreover, we know that this is but one leaf unfolded, one veil withdrawn: scarce an eye that rests upon it, will fail to re-picture its similitude of spirit, if not of deed, in many another home. In homes too, where guileless children dwell, around which the tendrils of their young spirits must cling, thus to be moulded in a dwarfed humanity, tortured and bent into crooked and sinuous forms, pampered in body and starved in soul, God's orphans crying for bread, and fed on stones.

We turn to the holy words that have consecrated these unions—to the gorgeous fanes where their troths are plighted, and solemnly question, Does the benediction their ample domes reverberate sanctify these things?

Ministers of religion; priests bowing before your altars; wise legislators in your council chambers—can you tell us whence help is to come? Alas! earth's oracles are dumb!

Must we then live on in the midst of these whited sepulchres and gilded tombs? No! there are those who stand in the light of a new morning dawning freshly from upper spheres, with a transcendent glory, yet to illume and fertilize all the desert homes of earth. But they must work fearlessly and faithfully, taking heed that they shut out no celestial beams, no angels pleading for entrance before their household tents. True, we cannot obliterate all present wrong, and snap asunder with one quick blow, chains riveted through long ages; but our charge is, to guard well the future, that it forges no more such. And to all youths and maidens, to those not bound but free, this comes with peculiar significance. Let them search well their hearts, learn to unfold the inner and imperishable essence, the Spirit which giveth life, that we may have serene and joy-lit homes—children of the new birth. For with these truer unions, and only with these, old forms, old sins and strife, can pass.

The good fight must be fought, by marshaled hosts of fresh young hearts, ready to move forward, side by side, with a true pulse-beat of love and faith. Let them not gather in gorgeous saloons to whirl in voluptuous measures and quaff inebriating draughts; amid such wild revels seeking to find their souls' similitude, pledging irrevocable vows from beneath hollow masks. But let them meet in the broad light of day, and climb together some steep hill-side of high endeavor; let some battle fought, some victory gained, not of outer forms but inner depths, reveal their true fitness to link in indissoluble union heart and life. Thus to the world's great need shall come a full abiding help.

BEATRICE.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE CAUSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

I have just returned from a little journey to Christiana and Peningtonville, Pa., where friend DeWolf and myself were invited to debate this question with certain opponents. The people came out in crowds to hear, but on opening the meeting, the opposition was among the missing; and, in place of a discussion, Mr. DeWolf gave a most interesting lecture upon the *history of Spiritualism*; the phenomena, &c. We thought at first he was giving them rather too strong a dish, but he was most happy in supplying good bible gravy with it. They are a Bible people in this part of the country, and whenever they were disposed to smile skeptically at his startling relations, he at once referred them to some comparative case in scripture, which always had a happy effect in straightening their faces again. He told them if they felt like laughing at the possibility of a man being carried through the air, just to give a share of their doubt and ridicule, to the scripture account of Philip, who, if history was to be relied upon, was carried or spirited somewhat more than seventy feet. If they doubted the possibility of Spirits to produce hands and write, he asked if they, as bible-men, believed the story of the "*hand writing on the wall.*" I have seldom listened to a more happy lecturer than DeWolf. He is full of anecdote and variety, well booked upon the subject, and exceedingly correct in his delivery.

On the following evening, in answer to a desire expressed, a debate was held, in which DeWolf and myself supported the affirmative, and several of the citizens took the opposite.

At the close, which was near eleven o'clock, I announced that I had some fifty *Christian Spiritualists* to give away; and such a rush I have not seen since the bank stock furor of years ago. They were all snatched up, as the saying is, like hot cakes.

I left DeWolf still there. He was to preach in the Quaker meeting house, afternoon and evening. I trust the people have been fairly waked up to the subject in this flourishing region; and our staunch friends, Dr. Kane of Christiana, and T. Stott of Parksburg, will not be left to work alone, in future.

Yours, A. C. McC.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE CONFESSION OF A FANATIC.

It is some thirty years since the world, or a very small portion of it, was convulsed by my advent. Ever since my individuality has proclaimed its right of self-government. I have been a *fanatic*. *Temperance* was my first hobby; and, though many have been forced to conclude this an *obsolete* idea, I still feel disposed to *rave* about it as though it were an *evil*. So sad an effect has this *foolish* idea had upon me, that my *reason* has become dethroned, and I have even ventured to suppose that my old hobby was becoming *popular*, even with the *law* and *orthodoxy*. I cannot help this *false* position.

The *anti-slavery Nag*, too, has been a favorite. I have always been foolish enough to believe, I know not why, that *liberty* was *right*, and *slavery wrong*, when applied to any thing above *horses* and *monkeys*. I had a queer vision lately: I thought a *new party* had arisen, bearing the broad pennon of the "*Republic*;" and that this had clothed itself with our thunder, and, like Samson, it had taken hold of the pillars, and threatened the *eternity* of political *ortho* and *hetero*doxy.

I have also foolishly embraced the *faith* of the *peace* society. I cannot, I wish it was otherwise, but think the differences of nations are as applicable to *arbitration* as the minor differences of *states* and *individuals*. God forgive me for my natural dullness! I have even had dreams, at no very distant day, of the success of this wild fancy. People will *dream*; how *foolish* are some of the speculations of sleep.

And thus I have basked in the burning rays of all these prominent *humbugs*. Not even *Spiritualism* could escape. I have for some years been—*a Spirit rapper* But what shall I do? My disposition is something of the *steam leg* order, once off it *never stops*. Puff! puff! puff! onward, ever onward I go.

The last thing I found myself doing—what do you think? Writing, by the power of Spirits they say, way up in the *fifth sphere*; writing down *Spiritual fanaticism* or *quackery*. I can't help it. I'm a *fanatic*, and possessed with an idea that all will in time prove just as I say.

This is the idea that haunts me. Spiritualism is not *infallible*: it is liable to the assaults of error, just as orthodoxy has been; bad men, and even women, will seek to turn it to *selfish* account; and in *time* we will have a *priesthood* of our glorious *ism*, combining as many evils, almost, as those of the old systems. I think I see—can't help it—whole forests of little saplings springing up, each destined, some day, to be a *giant* oak. I distinguish the germs of wild systems, promising trouble for the future. I see unprincipled scamps, turning sacred things to their own account; *poisoning the head waters of inspiration*, to create diseases upon which to profit. I see *tax gatherers* stationing themselves all about our pathway, just as it has ever been in the old churches. I see growing corruption and selfishness, in *high* as well as in *low* places.

Fate has me in her grasp; I am a *fanatic*. I cannot help raising my voice against these things, though every friend leave me. My disease is *heteroptical*.

Mediums, by the score, tell me I am impressed to write, but the same are disposed to cry fool, madman, should my mediumship tread upon *their* toes. They should blame the Spirits, if, in this capacity, I offend. I am but an instrument in their hands.

The world's hope is in *fanaticism*. These are the pioneers of coming good. When this Spirit abounds, look out for the *millenium*; when all is a *dead calm* in the world of mind, tremble for danger is nigh.

A. C. McC.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7, 1856.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE CAUSE IN SARATOGA.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Feb. 8th, 1856.

BRO. TOOHEY:—It may be interesting to some of your readers to know how matters, Spiritual, are getting along in this locality. I would it were in my power to give you a more cheering account than the existing state of things will warrant; but nevertheless there is now and then a little movement of the waters. The Young Men's Association are now discussing the question of Spiritual Manifestations, which draw together large and intelligent audiences, which exhibit a strong desire for more light on this absorbing subject. The champion of the opposition is a talented young lawyer, who manages to extort a laugh, now and then, from a small portion of his hearers by his wit, at the expense of those poor deluded creatures whose *weakness* allows them to study into the *profitless* matters of the human soul; its interests and objects, while threading its devious way amid the thorns and marshes of the present life; and its eternal cravings in the life to come. It seems impossible that so large a portion of the public mind should be so ignorant on this important subject. But then reflect again, the *Pulpit* and the *Press*, have they cleared up the mystery, or have they darkened counsel and made it to appear in form and feature what truly it is not? The divinity of thought, of close and patient searching for the inner substance of exterior forms is little known, but that which strikes the eye and pampers sense, is made the guiding star of all our efforts. Yet blessed hope, the rigid winter of relentless rules and *finished* creeds are breaking up, and gentle charity, warm with the breath of bright celestial ministers, now tears the veil, exposing all the hideous causes that distress and rend humanity; and kindle in the soul a new philanthropy that reaches every corner of the earth where man has found a footing. It is usual in discussing these Spiritual matters, for the opposition to take up some particular work and criticise and ridicule, by enlarging upon some supposed defects in doctrine or in logic, and then insist upon the folly of giving any thought or care upon it. There is here a fruitful field to sow the seeds of Spirit life and Spiritual philosophy. The minds of very many thirst for light, though fearful of the powers of church and public favor. Although the senseless taunt of *infidel* has lost its force, 'tis hard to make men feel that faith is not a merit, and that a life of goodness practiced is not the most essential quality in obtaining heaven. Are the phenomena known as Spiritual manifestations produced by disembodied Spirits? is the question for discussion before the Young Men's Association. Gen. Bullard's arguments in affirmation were not answered, and I have yet to hear the first consistent reason given why they are not. On Monday evening next it will come up again. The St. Nicholas Hall was filled last Monday evening, and much interest is felt.

Yours, Fraternally, &c.,
P. THOMPSON.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY. *New York*: DIX & EDWARDS, 321 *Broadway*.

This number came to us later than usual, but is no less welcome, as it contains many interesting articles. "Sixty-Six Years Ago—Washington at Boston," is finely descriptive of the manners, fashions, and not a few of the customs of New England at that time. The second part of "Owl Copse" has some hints for the reformer, which may be suggestive, but, to say truth, they are rather extravagant if intended for "reformers in general." High Life at the "North Pole," is a finely-written article, although descriptive of a "cold quarter." "The Romance of Crimean History" is gemmed wiih pictures of sentimental and tragical import—the moral of which is significant of progress. It reads as follows:

"A woman's face first gave to poetry the Tauric name. Iphigenia, the pale priestess, stands there by the altar of Cape Parthenium, a symbol forever of the stern sacrificial faith of the past.

A woman's face, too, looks out now upon us, serene and sweet, through the cloud of war, from those Crimean heights. No priestess ministering dreadful rites within the temple of a cruel worship, but a mild messenger of mercy; a comforter, an angel of purity and of peace. The face of Florence Nightingale shines upon those awful scenes of strife; and the battle-field and the hospital are lighted with her smile, the immortal symbol of a redeeming faith and a more glorious future."

The remaining articles on the "Philosophy of Punning," "Living in the Country," "The Haunted King," "Lewes' Life of Goethe," and other articles are all worthy of attention, while the editor as usual, seems to have point and purpose in circulating his "*Notes*."

◆

MISS KATE FOX.

FREE COMMUNICATIONS.

It is with pleasure that the Society for "THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE," informs the public of the return of Miss Fox from her summer tour in Canada and the West, as she resumes her labors at the Rooms of the Society, subject to the direction and pay of the same. She will in this, as in her former engagements, sit, without *charge to the public*, for the benefit of SKEPTICS or such ENQUIRERS as are *not* yet convinced of the reality of Spirit-intercourse, and know not the consolations of Spirit Mediation.

Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, *Saturday* and *Sunday* excepted.

The SOCIETY wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of *converting the skeptical*, rather than to contribute to the *pleasure* of the *Spiritualistic believer*, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are CONVERTED will NOT *occupy the time of the Medium*.

This *change* is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

◆

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IN MEMORY OF SUSAN.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

By request we republish the following clear and finely drawn picture of the soul's departure for the better land, believing others will be interested in it, beside the immediate friends of "Susan."—*Ed. Ch. Spt.*

There came a crimson flush,
A hot and hectic blush,
We saw it on her fair cheek lying,
And knew our darling girl was dying:
We noted it with secret sighing.
We hoped in vain: alas!
This sorrow would not pass.
She saw a sea of glass,
Like distant clouds with bright light gleaming,
Over Death's dim gateway beaming,
Down the mystic valley streaming.

We humbly bent the knee,
Praying this might not be;
But the fateful hectic glowing,
And the hot blood's rapid flowing,
Told us our dearest one was going
To that far, tearless shore
Where joy dwells evermore.
We knew, our hearts were sure,
She saw the eternal love-light gleaming,
From saint and angel visage beaming,
Through death's open gateway streaming.

We saw her footsteps fail,
The crimson change to pale,
Then come again with fevered burning,
Bringing thirst and restless turning,
And a mute yet fervent yearning
For a quick release,
For that sweet home of peace
Where pain and sickness cease,
And the clouds with light are streaming,
Over saints and angels beaming,
Down the mystic valley gleaming.

Her lips did not complain
Of the fever and the pain,
Of the full cup that she was tasting,
Of the sad shrinking and the wasting,
Of direful Death's impatient hasting.
She nobly conquered fear,
As the last hour drew near;
And clearer and more clear
She saw the heavenly beacon gleaming,
Down the solemn pathway streaming,
Round her faltering footsteps beaming.

Drew near the hour of change;
All earthly things grew strange;
She saw a purling mist all golden
Floating around her like the olden
Glory on the mountain
An airy fountain
With light and love and promise streaming,
With friendly shapes and faces gleaming,
Like eternal watch-fires beaming.

We stood around her,
And would have bound her
To this earth of woe and sighing,
Held our loved one back from dying
With our sobbing and our crying,
We could not calmly see her lying,
Yielding to the touch of Death,
Giving back her breath.
But her dimmed eyes were dimmer growing,
The crimson hectic feebler glowing,
And the pale life-blood slower flowing,
We knew too well our dear was going.

She heard friends weeping,
Selfishly keeping
Her spirit in the open portals,
Waited for by bright immortals.
She would have said, "Do not detain me
Do not upon the threshold chain me."
Her white lips softly stirred;
Alas! the half-formed word
Died on them, faintly heard,
But still the clouds their light were streaming,
Remembering shapes were round her gleaming,
And Faith's eternal watch-fire beaming.

The glassy golden sea
Rolled toward her silently;
She saw the friendly billows swelling,
To bear her to the mansioned dwelling,
With a joy past human telling,
There was a sound of music welling
Softly from the pearly shore.
A look—a smile—no more!
Invisible beings bore
Our darling where the light is streaming,
Where known and saintly shapes are gleaming,
And God's eternal smile is beaming.

INFIDELITY—ITS NATURE, CAUSES AND CURE.

Contrasted with the boundless unknown, the infinite store of unexplored facts, laws and relations existing in and throughout the limitless expanse of infinitude, man's present stock of knowledge may and does appear very small. From this standpoint, it may consistently be affirmed, that as yet, man has hardly entered the vestibule of knowledge; has hardly read the preface to the great volume of Nature; ay, has not even grasped the *full* extent of a single principle. But when considered as the rudimental attainment of infant minds, or contrasted with what may be conceived of as a state of total ignorance, man's knowledge-temple seems reared mountain-high, and it may be reasonably alledged, as the serpent in the garden predicted, (and as it is said God afterwards acknowledged,) that "man has become as a God, knowing good and evil." So admirably adequate are the present facilities for education, that the delicate pages of new-born spirits are soon figured over with the preserved wisdom treasures of the past, while the present, with its multifarious productions, is easily daguerreotyped upon their impressible surface. What of man's physical nature and its relation to the physical universe, of his intellectual and moral natures, and their relations to one another, to the external world, and to the great Spirit centre, may not now be learned by a few years' diligent study? Possibly, very much; yet no truth is more apparent, than that a sufficient knowledge of these several relations may be attained to answer all earthly needs, aad if heeded, to render the possessor quite happy; for be it known, happiness in this or any other sphere of existence can be secured only by the strictest adherence to and observance of Nature's unchangeable conditions or laws. Here, then, is presented the solution to the great problem, the answer to the all-important query—"Why, possessing such a vast deal of knowledge and apparent wisdom, is man yet so miserably sick and unhappy?" Because of his *infidelity to known truth, to known right, and to known justice.*

Yes, the world is full of *infidelity.* Mankind know the truth, but live it not; understand the law, but heed it not; realize the validity of certain relations, but walk in daily conflict with the same; discern the right and the just, but trample them under their feet. In private and in public, in Church and in State, self-evident rights and truths are conceded, and self-evident wrongs and errors practiced. Governments avow certain principles to be the only foundation for just and equitable legislation, but immediately abandon them, and rear a superstructure of rags and tatters, nurturing and sustaining the blackest kind of villainy and crime. Churches of all denominations sound their devout and holy professions and purposes abroad continually; their bloody hands and groaning coffers revealing the while the blasphemous mockery of their pretendings.

Thus it is that institutions and nations, as well as individuals, are *infidel*—untrue to their highest convictions of *right;* and thus has it been in all ages of the world of which we have any credible history. There have been many tellers, but few, very few DOERS of the law.

Solomon, in his day, developed and published many high-toned and significant truths, but did he *live* those truths? And which is the wiser, to *proclaim* a truth, or to *live* it? There can be but one answer, viz.—*to live it!* Then, in all sincerity, would I submit the query, who are the true and faithful of our day? the loud-mouthed pretenders, or the noiseless, unpretending doers? Or who the untrue, the infidel—those who, as fast as they discover the path of duty, walk quietly therein, sounding no trumpet to attract the attention of the multitude; doing no alms to be seen of men; performing no rites that they may seem to the world to be religious; or those who thunder forth continually declarations of their devotedness to their God and love to their brethren, but who move in hourly conflict with some physical or spiritual relation of their being? How strangely has a priest-ridden world reversed the facts in answer to the above proposition! When will mankind learn that *fidelity* is a living, practical obedience to truth, and *infidelity* its opposite? But, casting the unrighteous judgments of man to the wind, of which they are tho offspring, let us inquire—Why do mankind thus live a lie, rather than the truth? Why are tuey untrue to what is so clearly seen to be right and just? Because, first, of a hereditary predisposition and educational proclivity towards *man-worship,* which always leads to a copying of false example rather than of righteous precept—to an elevation of *men* above *principles.* Second, a general supersensuousness, which ever calls for a present indulgence and gratification, without regard to ultimate consequences. Third, because of an undue reverence for the sayings and doings of the ignorant past. And, finally, an ignorance of the soul-cheering truth, that happiness is alone to be gained by living in harmony and coincidence with law and relation. And here, too, is suggested the only reliable antidote for the evil. Let this one great truth be fully realized by rational and intelligent man, that duty and subjective utility are one, or, at least, are so correlated that to do the one is to answer the demands of the other: that love begets love, and well doing well-being; in short, that that central desire in man for happiness can only be gratified by an unerring fidelity to truth; and those constitutional and educational misdirections will as surely be outgrown, and the world be cleansed from the bane of infidelity, as that man will choose pleasure before pain, happiness before misery.—*Liberator.* T. C.

From the Banner of Liberty.

HIRELING MINISTERS.

When Christ sent forth his disciples to "preach the gospel to every creature," the directions he gave them should be earnestly considered with reference to our own times, and our own evangelists. "Carry," he said, "neither scrip nor purse."—"Take no thought for the merrow," is the general instruction he gives all believers. Still he has distinctly given us to understand that those who go forth preaching the word freely to men, have a right to expect from the love and fullness of those they preach unto, a full supply of their temporal wants. The system of preaching for a stated salary has evils innumerable. Among these, the most prominent is the temptation it offers to many who are deficient in physical energy to meet the demands of active labor or business, to take upon themselves the office of minister of the gospel, while they are utterly unfitted Spiritually for such an office, and spend a dull, inefficient life in vain endeavors to perform its functions. Thus has tameness and externalism crept into the church.—Where men should have found, where they looked to find the living oracles of God, they found dead forms; where they asked bread, for which their Spirits hungered, they received a stone.

Another evil, not quite so much felt in this country, where Church and State are intended to be divorced from their unholy marriage as in other lands where the Church has political supremacy, is the corruption and avarice it has introduced among those who should have exemplified in their lives those sweet christian doctrines of unselfishness and charity which they were exalted to teach. The extent of this evil, external history vainly essays to portray.

He who gives himself to mankind as minister of the holy things pertaining to eternal life, must needs sacrifice earthly possessions. *Sacrifice,* did I say? He must be so filled with the better things of Spiritual life, so fed with heavenly manna, so refreshed constantly with the new wine of the Father's kingdom, that he shall desire nothing that earth can give beyond the mere means of sustaining physical life and strength. So soon as he begins to covet more than this, to hanker after the "flesh-pots of Egypt," we may be sure that the divine afflatus has ceased to fill his soul.

No true minister of divine love and wisdom can ever sell his gift for money. By this, we do not mean that he cannot *live* of his gift, for we believe it is right that men should live of their labor whatever that may be; but no true bearer of the vessels of the Lord will ever take them in one hand and balance them against gross dust in the other, no matter how much that dust may glitter to dazzle the external eyes. Therefore, it pains us to see how, in every new development, there are men who will seize as a mere commercial idea the wisdom that comes from above, and begin at once to endeavor to buy and sell "the gift of God for money."

Dost thou need Spiritual consolation, my lowly brother, my suffering sister? Sad for thee, if the only password to this is "money." Sad for thee, if thou must buy the air thou breathest, the water that quenches thy thirst, with *money.* Sadder yet, O hungering and thirsting one, if the Spiritual bread and wine be locked up in coffers, whose only key is *gold.* Ah brother, ah sister, it is not so!—Be thou sure, that he who offers it thee on these terms, gives thee "that which is *not* bread," and "that which satisfieth not." Know that for thee there is enough in the storehouse of the Great Provider.

Most inconsistent then would it be to encourage those who seek to enrich themselves out of it by preaching. The true preacher, he who devotes his life to the ministry of the word, will desire nothing more than the supply of his necessary wants. He will not wish to lay up for himself nor for his children treasure on earth, knowing by actual experience how much better and richer, and far more enduring treasure is laid up in heaven. And not only for the future is it laid up for him, but he has it *now;* his Spiritual life is daily sustained, adorned and increased by it—it is his *from everlasting.*—To such a man, external wants will be few and easily supplied. He will not despise the body and its needs, knowing that it is according to divine order that he should preserve it as the "earthen vessel" in which is held that inestimable treasure of immortal life that concerns his mission among men.

"The love of money is the root of all evil"—why? Because money is gross dust, on which if the heart be set, in whatever form, it will be assimilated to it. Therefore, too, "ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Because God is the innermost, and Mammon is the outermost, and these two cannot be worshipped together—"ye will hate the one and love the other." And if we believe in God—in the Eternal Love—and that to become one with that Love is the greatest destiny man can attain unto—how can we regard the "dull material accidents of this sensual body" otherwise than as the temporary means of that body's existence? And if in the Spiritual life we look forward to when the body shall be laid aside as no longer fitted to our use, we hope to enjoy the living goods of which external riches are the correspondences, how can we insanely hug the shadow, while the substance courts our embrace? The true prophet—the heavenly minister—will not look for his reward in the external things of time, but value too highly the gifts of God to think they can be bought with or s for money.

Religion has long been made merchandise of by men whose only idea of the worth of anything is the number of dollars it will bring them in. With such we have nothing to do. They cannot injure the true cause in which we are engaged, for God's truth will prevail in spite of all men can do to hinder it. The *earnast* souls who seek truth will not shrink because some of those who profess it pervert it to their own selfish uses.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

A PARABLE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

[At the last Yearly Meeting of the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania, there was a division of sentiment upon the propriety of receiving a proffered contribution to its funds from a man who, on a previous occasion, had avowed the intention to break up the meeting by disorderly interruptions of its proceedings, and who, entering it in a state of inebriety, had annoyed and shocked the assembly by his profanity and obscenity. A portion of the assembly thought that a proper sense of self-respect required that the contribution should be declined, while others maintained the opposite opinion. The discussion had become somewhat warm, when Theodore Parker, in whose clear-sighted judgment both parties felt the highest confidence, expressed his opinion in the guise of a Parable, which made a very deep impression upon the audience. A lady who was present afterwards wrote to Mr. Parker, soliciting a copy of the Parable, and, the request being complied with, it was sent to us for publication in *The Standard.* We therefore give place to it and to a prefatory note from Mr. Parker.]

BOSTON, 4th June.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I returned from Pennsylvania so weary that I could only do the deal of work that accumulated in my absence, and not till now have I found a moment to comply with your suggestion. This is the little "Parable," which is good for nothtng apart from the occasion when it was uttered. Like other little wild flowers, it is good for nothing when gathered, and only looks pretty by the woodland path where it grew.

In the days when the Tebernacle of David was fallen down, and the Holy Place was laid waste, there came together the Elders of Israel, the Wise Men and the Prophets, to hasten the time when the Lord should build up Zion. Now, divers young men assembled also, and of fair and goodly women not a few. And when they saw the waste places, the people were of one heart and one mind, and beat upon their breasts, and cried out, "Oh! that the Lord would build up Zion and pour out his Holy Spirit upon us!"

Then one of the Fathers of Israel spake, saying: "Yea! But the Lord worketh by the hands of men, and keepeth the city only, wherein the watchman slumbereth not. Let us give of our substance to repair the breaches of the Temple, every man according to his ability. Let none hide his gift in his bosom, ashamed of its smallness. The Lord is no respector of persons, nor accepteth he the offering of the mighty, before the gift of the poor, but looketh only at the heart." And the saying pleased the people, who cried "Amen," with one consent. And so it came to pass, that many offered their gifts, and many that were rich gave of their abundance; some a talent, some more; some but a single shekel. Nay, women that were widows vouchsafed a few bunches of dates, or a handfull of parched corn, as meat for the workmen; and maidens would bring water to the masons building up the wall. So the offerings went forward, and the Scribes wrote them down with the pen of ready writers.

Then there rose up in the meeting a man that said, "Lo! here are five pieces of silver; put them into the treasury of the Lord's House, for the service thereof." "Nay," said such as knew him, "not so. This man is a son of Belial, and not of the seed of Abraham. He speaketh against this Holy Place, he mocketh at our counsels, and watcheth for our halting, that he may betray us into the hands of our enemies. He uttereth curses against us; his mouth runneth over with bitterness. Moreover, in our solemn meetings he hath spoken words of lewdness and folly, which it is not lawful for man to utter, making tears to run down upon the trembling hands of our old men, and the maiden's cheek to burn with shame that could not be hidden. God forbid that we should defile the sanctuary with the gift of the ungodly, whose prayer is an abomination unto the Lord."

But others spake against this counsel, saying, "Nay! Brethren you do greatly err. Let us not scorn the one rose in his garden, albeit thorns do choke its blossoms. Take the pieces of silver. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Let us not judge the heart of our neighbor."

Now, the multitude was divided, some crying one thing and some another, and wise men on both sides did utter foolishness, for the heart of man forgeteth good counsel when anger lodgeth there but for an hour. Then the enemies of Israel rejoiced, and their foolish hearts were glad within them, and they said: "Now is their house divided against itself; surely their habitations shall be desolate, and their counsels, like the builders of Babel, shall come to nought, for their speech is confounded."

Then arose Nathaniel, an old man with a beard that came down to his girdle. The same was the son of Jehuchaner, from the hill country about Jordan, and he opened his mouth and spake; "Men and Brethren, Sons of Jacob and Daughters of Israel! Who knoweth the spirit of man, but Heaven who fashioneth the heart? Peradventure this man is not a son of Belial, though evil companions and much strong drink have made his footsteps to wander. Truly his speech is not with soberness, nor his walk like the son of consolation, and doubtless, also, he hath sinned with his lips, making our ears to tingle with his words. But peradventure his tongue only went astray, while he meant no evil in his heart, for an old man knoweth by his own follies that wickedness is sometimes wrought when evil is not with the worker, but the work only. Or if Satan hath tempted him, perhaps the man that was a sinner hath repented already in his heart, and will do so no more. Nay, who knoweth that our forbearance may not convert him from the evil of his ways, and save a soul from death? Let us err *often* by the abundance of our charity rather than *once* only through excess of our haughtiness and haste to take vengeance. Did not Abraham our Father lie unto the King of Egypt, and David also sin a great sin unto the Lord, in the matter of Uriah the Hittite? Yet our God did not utterly forsake them. Peradventure he will open the eyes of this son of Adam, and bless us likewise with his love, if we also love those who trespass against us. Let us forgive him seven times—nay, seventy times seven."

And when he sat down, the multitude rose up, and wept, and the man who was a sinner fell upon his face weeping, and said, "Lo here are five shekels more; the Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" And they put the money in the treasury of the Lord, and said, "Surely, brotherly love is better than much fine gold. It is this which shall repair the breaches of the temple, and build up the tabernacle of David which is fallen down. Is it not with our charity that the Lord will build up Zion?"

And the multitude was again of one heart and mind, and the Lord blessed them, and the love of them came upon all the people round about, who saw their good works, and they glorified God who gave such gifts unto men.

MR. PARKER says:

* * * "I write it now a better Parable, but it grew up at the moment, and ought to have been forgotten with the little gust of rain that called it out of the ground."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

That there is something radically wrong in our modern system of education, unaccompanied, as it is, by proper physical training, must be apparent to all who have thought over the matter for a single moment. We have very few of those fine old scholars, the foundations of whose learning were laid broad, and massive, and deep, and whose knowledge was thorough and exact in the peculiar field of investigation to which they devoted their talents.—Instead of these, we have innumerable superficial smatterers, who have skimmed a little of the brilliant froth from the surface of every subject under the sun, but are wholly ignorant of the pearls that lie beneath. To be fashionably educated, and fashionably accomplished, is to know a little Latin, and less Greek; to speak bad French; to have studied the history of a country in a sixpenny manual, and airs and graces before a looking-glass; to talk flippantly, and to be only profoundly learned in the cut of a coat or the adornment of a corsage.

The time was when men were robust and women healthly; when solid acquirements were balanced by healthy exercises, and the "mens sana in corpore sano" formed the rule instead of the exception. now men are dyspeptic and women nervous; useful knowledge, apart from mere matters of business, is voted a bore, and preference is given to Ellsler and Squallini over Newton and Leibnitz. There is abundance of intellect among us, but it is put to abnormal uses. Our sole object in life is to gather up gold with the one hand, and scatter it lavishly with the other; to save in the counting-room and to waste in the domicile; and while the daily routine of the men is from the store to the dwelling, and from the dwelling to the store, that of the women is to languish in the house and to dawdle in the street.

Is it any wonder, then, that we are fast becoming a nation of invalids!—We keep no holidays; we take no physical exercise; we make a toil of pleasure; eat fast, work fast, live fast, fail fast, turn to quacks for relief, and, with their admirable assistance—die fast.

The whole race of men and women on the Continent of America, both North and South, has physically degenerated. The descendants of the conquerors of Montezuma and Atahualpa are puny weaklings when compared with their brawny and resolute progenitors. The descendants of the Puritans and the Cavaliers possess neither their sturdy frames nor their hardy habits. A few fine types of the ancient race yet linger among the Granite hills of the Eastern States, and are scattered among the oak openings of the West; but for the remainder, and especially the inhabitants of populous cities, they are no more to be compared physically with the Bradfords and the Endicotts, the Smiths and the Dales, or even with the Putnams and the Morgans, the Knoxes and the Howards, of Revolutionary memory, than are the modern Italians with the men of ancient Rome.

Surrounded by comforts which to those of the elder day were luxuries, and by luxuries of which they never dreamed, we are less happy than they, because less healthy, and if with us the average of life is longer, as the tables of staticians indicate, yet our enjoyment of life is marred by the presence of diseases which to them were almost unknown. The blood which coursed through their veins, and mantled ruddily in their cheeks, was the pure result of good digestion and active exercise. That which throbs feverishly or flows languidly in ours, is the product of food which has never been properly assimilated, and whose healthiest properties are vitiated by our constant violation of nature's laws. The permanence of a nation depends upon the aggregate of the national health, for the power of a people to sustain themselves under reverses is measured quite as much by the bodily vigor they possess as by their mental capacity.

We are, confessedly, rapidly approaching a chronic condition of invalidism, but it is yet in our power, if not to arrest the evil in our own persons, yet to avert it from those who shall come after us. The remedy is simple enough. We must cultivate the body as well as the mind—we must accustom our children to regard open air exercise as essential to a sound constitution and to subordinate learning to appropriate sports and pastimes. We cannot, of course, control the seasons, nor modify those sudden variations of temperature which are so common to our climate, but we can harden the frame to bear them, and when the physical health is strong, and the digestion excellent, the mental grasp will become far more perfect, expansive, and tenacious.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

A writer in the *Courier,* of Tuesday, alluding to the growth of New Haven, and the difference between the year 1810, and the present time, says:

"Baptists, Methodists, Universalists and Roman Catholics had not then gained a foothold upon the soil selected by Eaton and Davenport for the growth of a *pure Christianity,* blending Church and State in its pious Government."

The history of the last forty years should teach a lesson to the intolerant spirits of the present day. The Puritans fled from the persecutions of a party stronger than themselves, to evince the same spirit, as soon as they had the power. It was the error of the age in which they lived; but it was as futile in them as in their persecutors. We can remember when "Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics," and Episcopalians, were all classed in one category as equally dangerous heresies; and so far as the dominant public opinion could be expected, were equally reprobated and discouraged! What has been the result—not to say the natural consequence of such intolerance? Why, these sects have become more numerous than their opponents! and the "blending of Church and State" doctrine has too few followers to make its power respectable. Persecution does not thrive in "the long run." What cannot be conquered by kindly reason is invulnerable to "fire and faggot!" The world has seen the fruition of all that can be hoped from religious intolerance. It has shed more blood than mere personal ambition will ever have to answer for, and has accomplished nothing—yea, "worse than nothing." It has not been deputed to earthly man to wield the thunderbolts of the Deity for religious errors; and it is a blessing too lightly prized when men live under a Governmnt which gives to each the right of holding such religious sentiments as his conscience approves, so that he does not disturb his neighbors in theirs, nor infringe the public peace. The world, it is hoped, is growing wise in this particular, and learning that Toleration is a greater reformer than Persecution. Messrs. "Eaton and Davenport," good-meaning men as no doubt they were, but unconsciously embittered by their own sufferings, attributing to creeds what was chargeable only to the weakness and blindness of pure human nature, would unquestionably be surprised, could they see, upon the soil where they first reared Christian altars, and fondly calculated that they had put both time and distance at bay, flourishing societies of what they would have denominated "Anti-Christ;" but who shall say that there is not as much of sincerity, and of vital piety, in our midst, as if but one denomination held undisputed sway, and was petted and sustained by the political power of the State.

Every sect naturally desires to proselyte, for the reason it thinks its own "the true faith;" but the multiplicity of "infallible dogmas" ought to incite to self-examination and moderation, rather than to dogmatism and violence. So long as the true spirit of our repnblican institutions is understood and practiced, no particular sect will be allowed exclusive protection beneath the arm of civil power; for then would "equal and exact justice to all men" become a lie, instead of a boast, as it now is; and all that a republican government can properly do, in such matters, is to see that no man, however humble, suffers unjustly in his person property or opinions. How important then, that every well-wisher of his country should catch the spirit of a true tolerance, and strive to persuade his fellow-citizen from error, rather than annoy him for entertaining it!—*New Haven Register.*

TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

A system of fundamental reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanised into revolution. We cannot, therefore, inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earnestness, the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of anger and hatred. The temple of despotism, like that of Tescalipoca, the Mexican Deity, is built of human skulls and cemented with human blood; let us beware that we be not transported into revenge while we are leveling the loathsome pile, lest when we erect the edifice of freedom we but vary the style of architecture, not change the materials.

Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these intemperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force, which now carelessly scattered, explode with an offensive and useless noise, directed by wisdom and union, might heave rocks from their base, or perhaps (dismissing the metaphor) might produce the desired effect without the convulsion.

For this "subdued propriety" of temper, a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical necessity seems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of surrounding circumstances, the object therefore of condolence, not of anger, is a proposition easily understood and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections—to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life, requires the most watchful attention of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths—we must feed on them as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by their qualities, and show its food in the minutest fibre.

Finally, in the words of an Apostle, "Watch ye! Stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced! Quit yourselves like men! Yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

From Life Illustrated.

THE CHURCHMAN AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

The *Churchman* of this city devotes two columns to the denunciation of Queen Victoria. The Queen has done something so MONSTROUS, that the *Churchman* thinks she has forfeited her crown; nay, worse, she ought to be excommunicated from the Church of which she is the Head! Dreadful deed! and yet, the usual organs of public intelligence have not alluded to the subject, and the British empire goes on quite in the ordinary way.

What is Queen Victoria's crime? What is that deed of dreadful note which ought to deprive her both of the crown that encircles her mortal brows and of that Heavenly one for which she hopes and prays? Hear it, all ye Christian people. Queen Victoria has actually *attended a Presbyterian Church, liked the sermon she heard there, and caused its publication!* Does not the reader's blood run cold? Think of it; a woman and a queen sojourning in Scotland, goes on Sundays to one of its national churches; hears there a sermon which she thinks calculated to do good to all classes of her subjects and "commands" the clergyman to publish it! For this, says the *Churchman,* let her be excommunicated!

This terrible sermon, strange to relate, is amusingly popular in England. The London *Times* praises it; the *Examiner* extols the queen for liking it; the press almost universally commends it. We read it ourselves with unsuspecting admiration. It is entitled "The Religion of Common Life;" the text being: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A few sentences from the sermon will give the reader an idea of its spirit:

We are to make good this conception of life—that the hardest-wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days "midst dusky lane or wrangling mart," may yet be the most holy and spiritually minded. We need not quit the world, and abandon its busy pursuits in order to live near to God—

"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell;
The trivial round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

It is true, indeed, that if in no other way could we prepare for an eternal world than by retiring from the business and cares of this world, so momentous are the interests involved in religion, that no wise man should hesitate to submit to the sacrifice.

* * * * * * *

But religion, I repeat, is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world—the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life. Away, then, with the notion that ministers and devotees may be religious, but that a religious and holy life is impractible in the rough and busy world! Nay, rather, believe me, *that* is the proper scene, the peculiar and appropriate field for religion—the place in which to prove that piety is not a dream of Sundays and solitary hours; that it can bear the light of day; that it can wear well amid the rough jostlings, the hard struggles, the coarse contacts of common life—the place, in one word, to prove how possible it is for a man to be at once "not slothful in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Another consideration, which I shall adduce in support of the assertion that it is not impossible to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists, *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts,* as *in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.*

Such are the sentiments of a discourse, the approval of which is, according to the New York *Churchman,* a sufficient cause for excommunication and dethronement. The conclusion of the *Churchman's* long article is ludicrously solemn. (Italics ours):

The words addressed by the Prophet to all Israel apply as forcibly, *and even more comprehensively,* in such a case, to all of us: "*If the Lord be God,* follow him; but if Baal, then follow him"—that Baal (*author of the sermon*) who can transform himself into an angel of light for the perversion of human hearts, and the *perdition of immortal souls,* and that Lord who is the Triune God, against whom we have all sinned and come short of his glory, and to be reconciled to whom we must repent and believe the Gospel, must have *faith*—above all things mnst hold the Catholic Faith as it has been imparted to, and has been preserved, and has come down to us in *the* Church, which is "the pillar and ground of the Truth"—that faith which can alone "make us wise unto salvation," and the profession of which we mnst ever hold fast, without wavering, without diminution, without compromise, however bigoted and exclusive it may make us appear, however unfashionable and unpopular it may make us become, however it may isolate us from the world, however it may confine us to the mere minority of mankind, remembering the solemn words of our blessed Lord himself, that while "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Considering the nature of the sermon to which the *Churchman* objects, we may justly style the above extract the most exquisite piece of serious burlesque that can be found—out of *Punch.* Can it be that there is any considerable number of persons in these United States who sympathize with the *Churchman?* or does its proprietor publish his paper solely for his own amusement? We hope the latter: he is rich, and can afford expensive luxuries. But we pity his poor editor.

SCENE IN A LOG CABIN.

It was nearly midnight of a Saturday night that a passenger came to Col. ———, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler, some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. ——— awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented taking with me the small package of medicines which I always carried in the forest; but I learned soon there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she is gifted with a marvelous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired, and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste, lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on the table near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tone of an Æolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, richly melodious voice—

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me;" and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man," doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time—and they call me. Her voice, too, father!—oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly!"

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?"

And so she passed away.—*New York* [illegible]

A GEM FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY.—Says Kingsley: "Did you ever remark, my friend, that the Bible says hardly anything about religion—that it never praises religious people? This is very curious. Would to God we would all remember it. The Bible speaks of a religious man only once, and of religion only twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion to condemn it, and shows what an empty, blind, useless thing it was. What does this Bible talk of then? It talks of God—not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious but to be Godly. If Jesus Christ come to you in the shape of a poor man whom nobody knew, should you know him?

HUMPH!—A certain set of writers mean to be emphatic when they talk of "God's sky," and "God's earth," and "God's ocean," and "God's winds," as if there were sky, earth, ocean and winds belonging to the devil. There is more irreverence than emphasis in this form of expression, and *it should be left to sermons and tracts.*—*London Leader.*